

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 725—Vol. XXVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1869.

[PRICE 10 CENTS, \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

Public Opinion and National Policy on our Indian Relations.

ONE of the greatest annoyances of our country—that which has just required a fresh display of military force, with large cost of

blood and treasure—is now evidently drawing rapidly to a close. Our "Indian relations" form a dark chapter in history, from the earliest to the present period—remarkable for little or nothing creditable to either side—contact between the races almost invariably producing

mutual contamination. The spread of population Westward, the extension of railroading, farming, mining, and trading operations, bringing the red and white men more frequently in conflict, render it indispensable that the races shall be promptly separated,

for the welfare of both. Public opinion has grown emphatic on this point, and many minds are now considering the means whereby the desired result may be speedily accomplished in the best practicable manner. Our political arrangements with the Indians



THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, AN INSTITUTION FOR THE REFORMATION OF FALLEN WOMEN, 89TH AND 90TH STREETS, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK CITY—THE MAGDALENS AT WORK IN THE LAUNDRY.—SEE PAGE 361.

have been as absurd as our social contact has been pernicious, and the first step in reform must consist of an abandonment of the diplomatic policy which has marked our intercourse. Though merely dependents—in pupillage—the wards of our Government—not permitted by us to deal with other nations—we have always made "treaties" with them, as though they were independent powers. Our official intercourse with them has generally been attended by more corruption than any other branch of our Government, and that is saying a great deal. Indian agencies and commissions for making treaties have been considered rich "placers" by greedy contractors and rascally politicians. The evils have been intensified by the increased extent to which the two races have come in contact during the last ten or fifteen years.

But it is needless to enlarge on these topics; they are at last tolerably well understood and bitterly denounced by the community generally. The great object now is to reform our policy, by collecting the Indians into a reservation adjoining the present so-called "Indian Territory," where the example of the Cherokees and Choctaws may aid our efforts to train them into peaceful and industrious habits. The whole Indian population, now scattered over thousands of miles, could and should be gathered into one reservation large enough to furnish a farm to each family that will cultivate, or with cattle, if they will take the first step in civilization by becoming herdsmen. In return for the regions which they relinquish the right to roam over, enough money should be placed in an "Indian Fund" for promoting the comfort and education of the tribes, so that all shall be well cared for whether they work or not, for it is cheaper and otherwise far preferable to feed them than to fight them. The reservation for this purpose should be the size of a moderate State—should be organized as a regular "Territory," whenever the improved condition of the Indians will justify it, with the ultimate object of admission into our Union. And in this connection we may say that the region occupied by the Choctaws, Cherokees, etc., commonly called the "Indian Territory," should be organized so as to be entitled to representation by a delegate in Congress, as a preliminary to State organization. Thus much is seemingly due to the tribes above named, as they have shown their qualities sufficiently by maintaining among themselves governments formed on the model of our own.

One of the most gratifying signs connected with the future management of the Red Race, is the fact that, for the first time in our history, a member of that race has been appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, from his supposed capacity to deal successfully with the subject; and it is cheering to perceive that his official course thus far sustains the opinion which brought him into office. Colonel Parker, an Iroquois, is a well-educated engineer, whose services on the staff of General Grant, through the war, enabled the President to judge fully of his qualities.

A letter from him to the Hon. Sidney Clarke, M. C., has just reached us in a Kansas journal, and we gladly quote a couple of paragraphs, showing that the writer's views are substantially in unison with those we have here expressed:

"That the Indians do not adopt readily the customs, manners, and laws of the white people, cannot be denied," says the Indian Commissioner, "and that, as a consequence, their presence in a country is often a great obstacle in the way of its rapid development, growth, and prosperity. They cannot stem or check the advancing wave of civilization rushing now upon them from the four quarters of the globe. They must either go with or be overwhelmed and crushed out of existence by its weight. It is creditable to the Government that it desires to preserve this unfortunate race. The legislators of the country seem to think that the wisest plan is to aggregate the remnants of this people in some locality where they can be protected from the encroachments of the white race until the Indians themselves see that their safety and perpetuity lie in becoming part and parcel of the body politic of the United States. In this view I fully agree. I am also of opinion that the original adoption and persistent use of the treaty system has been a great mistake on the part of the Government, and has, in itself, been a serious obstacle in the way of civilizing the Indians. While they were in fact dependent, the treaty system inculcated in their minds an idea of independence—a sovereign, powerful people. The treaty system, I believe, should be abandoned, not only for the honor of the American people, but more for the good of the Indian race. Acknowledge them as wards, which they really are, and legislate for them as their necessities or circumstances may require."

"Some of the Kansas Indians are preparing to go South—others will follow ere long, until there will be no tribal organization of Indians left in that State. The Government is anxious that the several tribes settled there and elsewhere should, with their consent, and at the earliest practicable period, be removed to the Indian Territory, south; but in all cases some satisfactory arrangement should first be made to secure them permanent homes. Most of the Indians there are willing to remove, and, aside from present treaty stipulations, the only legislation which seems to be needed to accomplish this result, is some general law granting discretionary power to the executive authorities of the Government, to approve such arrangements as the Indians might make for themselves relative to disposing of their present homes and securing new ones, and to divert and transfer the tribal funds to carry such arrangements into effect. I do not think that this department will send out any special agent to agitate or investigate the feeling of the Indians on this subject; it must, for this season at least, rely upon the President's special commission for such information on Indian topics as they may be able to gather."

These statements and opinions, coming from the "Native" expressly selected by President Grant for dealing with our "Indian nations,"

indicate a speedy deliverance from the corruption and outrage for which that branch of our Government has long been notorious. Both races have reason to rejoice at the prospect.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

The Spirit of the Age.

THE triumphant vindication of republican institutions, in the preservation of our nationality through the late ordeal of civil war, is steadily manifesting its influence on the progress of liberal opinions throughout the civilized world. Monarchs who strove, directly and indirectly, to promote the dissolution of our Union, and the conversion of Mexico into an empire—the success of which scheme would have aided them in decrying popular government and in repressing democratic-republican movements—are reaping the bitter fruits of disappointment. The stability of our National Government, and the destruction of Maximilian's sway, together with the abolition of slavery in the United States, naturally encourage the people of other lands to assert their own rights to freedom and self-government. In addition to the effects already produced by essential modifications in the political systems of Austria, Hungary, Spain, and the German States generally, the course of current events in Great Britain and France are worthy of special notice.

The unexpected strength displayed by the Liberal party in the recent French elections is one of the most significant signs of the times. The fact that, in defiance of all the Governmental efforts, the Opposition members of the Legislative Corps received an aggregate of about thirty-three hundred thousand votes, is as impressive as the other great fact, that, with all the influence brought to bear on the contest, the Governmental candidates polled only about four millions; and both facts may well cause profound anxiety to the Emperor.

When we find, too, that in Paris and other large cities the Opposition or Liberal party displayed such powerful numbers, these general results are the more ominous. If "Paris is France," the Emperor cannot draw very comforting conclusions from the results. The strength of the Liberal party is not to be judged by its numbers alone, but also by the general spirit of the members it has elected—they being largely characterized by efficiency as well as liberality, and their number including many of the sturdiest champions of popular rights—zealous opponents of the "Napoleonic ideas" concerning the "one-man power."

The effect of all these considerations is shown remarkably in the altered tone of the Emperor. He indicates readiness to meet the crisis by concessions, by liberalizing his policy, so as to bring himself somewhat in harmony with the spirit of the age, as that spirit is significantly indicated by the millions of Liberal votes cast in opposition to his government. It is said that he has expressed himself as feeling constrained to "choose between reform and revolution." Whether he really used such language or not, his conduct shows that he realizes "the situation." The movements in other countries may well satisfy him that the time has arrived when all his tact is requisite to shape matters so as to make the French Government harmonize with popular sentiment. Events that have shaken antiquated notions out of Austria, and rendered that country as remarkable now for progress as it was not long ago for mulish persistency in despotism, may well leave their impress on the mind of the French Emperor. We mention Austria as the most remarkable example of the progressive spirit that is revolutionizing Europe, other illustrations being found in various countries, such as Spain, which set the old monarchy adrift with almost ludicrous nonchalance, and is now showing utter repugnance to arbitrary government, even though yet unprepared for a republic.

The promptness of Napoleon in resolving to change his Ministry so as to include some members of the Liberal party, and otherwise place the Government somewhat in harmony with the current of public sentiment, is an auspicious omen. He has convoked the Senate to meet in August, for considering propositions for liberalizing the Administration. One of the leading Parisian journals, the

Debat, speaking of the reforms promised by the Emperor, says, "It is impossible to undervalue their meaning, and unjust not to be grateful for his Majesty's concessions." We shall thus soon see how much there is reason to be thankful for.

The course of events in Great Britain, highly important as it is in reference to the British Empire, has further great value in its effects on the liberal movements in other monarchies. The French Emperor and people are largely influenced by them. The progress of Reform in a country like Great Britain gives increased weight to the admonitions from the French ballot-boxes. It requires no great stretch of faith to believe that the institutions of the British Empire will now steadily and rapidly be made conformable to the spirit of the age—"established churches," hereditary nobles, and even the throne itself, being compelled to bend to a storm that will otherwise hurl them all into one mass of ruin.

In view of the whole aspect of European affairs, and seeing how widely and energetically the Reform parties are working in Great Britain, France, and other countries, it is not too much to predict that the lapse of another year will show one of the greatest strides ever made in similar time for liberalizing governments, rendering them substantially democratic, if not so in name—"limited monarchies surrounded by republican institutions."

In conclusion, as at the commencement of this article, we cannot refrain from referring to the influence of our national example in cheering the down-trodden masses of all civilized countries—"American ideas" being everywhere quoted as shibboleths in the contests of the people against their oppressors.

SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY.

I COME from bowers of lilac gay,
With honeysuckles blending;
And many a spray of willows gray,
Above the waters bending.

I flutter by the river side,
Where laves the swan his bosom,
And o'er the open common wide,
Where yellow ragworts blossom.

Away, on downy pinions borne,
With many a happy rover,
I skim above the rustling corn,
And revel in the clover.

I laugh to see the frugal bee
For others hoard her treasure;
From morn till night a toiler she,
But mine's a life of pleasure.

I gem my head with pollen dust
From out the waxen lilies;
And in the stream my plume adjust
Swinging on daffodilles.

I drink the sweets the violet yields,
On banks of emerald mosses;
Then flaunt away to trefol fields,
Hung thick with golden bosses.

THE BARNBURNERS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I HAVE said before this that Johnny McTavish was always in mischief; and in order to prove the truth of the assertion, it is only necessary to say now that a couple of years ere he made himself famous and got into business by running away with a locomotive, he came very near making himself infamous by means of association with a band of barnburners.

Not that the political organization of that name had revived to suit Johnny's age and convenience, and compensate him for having been born only the other day; that was bad enough in its time, doubtless; but the good farmers on the outskirts of the town where Johnny lived could imagine no organization more terrible than this which put their barley-ribs and hay-mows in hourly jeopardy, and gave them terrible nightmares, in which the heavens, lined with a wall of flames, rolled together like a scroll and disclosed a background of burning almanacs.

The truth of the matter was, that one autumn afternoon, a parcel of urchins out trespassing for chestnuts, brought their accumulated booty into a pasture, and under the shelter of the shadow of an old barn that stood there, removed a half-mile from any other building, they kindled a fire and heated stones, and proceeded to roast nuts therewith till cloyed appetites and a fading sunset warned them homeward. A high wind came up with the stars that evening, and hardly were the young rogues deep in their first sleep of the night, when alarm-bells and cries and a trundle of wheels mingled with their dreams, and they woke, to fancy it was the end of the world for one moment, then to see a wave of flame rolling up the sky from the old pasture—and four barefooted lumps, shivering in their nightgowns at open windows, knew by instinct that it was farmer Lee's barn which was burning down with a coal from the fire where, a few hours since, they had roasted their chestnuts just behind it; and four pallid little victims, to whom sleep had been a stranger, and with no relish for breakfast, waited that morning in terrible expectation of the sheriff and his posse, of handcuffs, and the State's prison, and, possibly, a halter. They went to school, but did not dare to look in one another's faces; they did not speak to one another in recess; they pored over their books as they had never pored before, and were yet so ignorant of their lessons that the schoolmas-

ter declared jocosely another fire would ruin him, and, with that, they turned pale and shook in their copper-toed shoes, and Lot Lander broke out crying—with the toothache.

But when one week passed, and then another, and nothing worse came of it all, and the nine days' wonder over, the unusual occurrence had quite died away, while it came to be considered that the fire had only been the result of a spark from old farmer Lee's careless pipe, and from one person and another the boys had heard it repeated that barnburning was no arson—then these poor and pale young subjects of accident took heart of grace to themselves, ate their dinners with a trifle more enjoyment every day, recovered their old interest in bat and ball, and finally, led off by Johnny McTavish, who, to his mother's rapture—a singular rapture, so adulterated was it with suspicious apprehensions of greater evil than ever about to break forth from the lull—had been good a fearful length of time, the four ventured one by one on their old trick of "playing hockey" and of adding up a tale of truant days to their monthly report, to counterbalance the pleasures of which truancy the master's rawhide next morning was but a feather in the scale.

"Come," said Johnny McTavish to Lot Lander, "I'm going nutting again—down in Jacques's wood this time—there ain't any barns there for us to burn up!"

Lot stared at him with round eyes, for one minute, as if he had seen a ghost; for this mention of a barn to burn, or not to burn, was a sort of sacrilegious resurrection of their crime, and without a word the doughty little hero fled the scene and appeared no more.

But Johnny was more fortunate with others of his previous companions. To Fred Burns it was indescribable relief at last to talk over the affair which burned like vitriol in his heart; to Charley Fitz it was already a bygone, and the keen edge of remembrance being worn away left him ready for new adventure in fresh fields; and the whole number, with the exception of the scared little Lot Lander, were soon armed with bags and poles, and upon their way again to defraud the squirrels.

"I say," cried Johnny, when, following the empty railway-track a mile, the small gang was safely out of town and out of hearing, "these grown folks think they know everything. But there's one thing they don't know—they don't know who burned down farmer Lee's barn. We know. You better bet! It's bully fun—I say, ain't it bully fun to get ahead of 'em this way? I'd like to try it again, I would, just to hear 'em talk and swell round, and keep my own tongue between my teeth."

"I tell you what," said Fred Burns, "I don't know! It made my heart beat so's I thought I'd drop when I saw the cinders flying up like birds."

"Mine came right into my throat," said Charley, "and choked me. And I put my head out of the window to holler fire, and a great breath blew right into my mouth, and I never made a sound. I wasn't afraid—I wasn't afraid a bit—but I thought it was the Judgment-day, sure!"

"I didn't," said Johnny. "I knew what it was in a second, and I on with my trousers, and ran out after the engine, and helped squirt the machine till it was all over. Oh, my eye, that's fun!"

"Did your mother let you?" in chorus.

"Well—I guess I asked her!" said the contemptuous young American. "Two wouldn't have made any difference—but she was sound asleep. You'd oughter seen it the way I did—the fire just like the waves coming in on the beach, down the island, when they break, and the brands spouting up like pictures of volcanoes in the Jography, and the air hot on your cheek, and the great elm tree all lit up so that it looked as if every stem was fire itself, and the hissing of the water and the shouting of the men. Oh! it makes you grow! I'd rather carry the trumpet of the Agile fire-company than be President of the United States, any day—dashed if I wouldn't!" said the naughty but ambitious Johnny.

"I wish there'd be another fire," said Charley, his fancy warming with the picture Johnny drew. "My father wouldn't let me go to it if there was twenty of them though, I suppose," he added ruefully, regardless of grammar. "I should like to know what use it is to grow the way I do, if you're going to be kept in nights all your life!"

"Wouldn't let you?" exclaimed the dreadful Johnny. "What do you ask him for? Get out the window."

"Oh, I couldn't. It's too high." "I could," said Fred. "My window opens on a shed, and I could jump off that easy enough. I mean to, the very next fire that breaks out. I wish there'd be one to-night. I do!"

"Well," said Charley Fitz, the biggest of the three, "we can have it if we want it. We know how." But as his proposition met with no very ready response, "What's to hinder?" he cried. "We've burned one barn—"

"Sh! Hush! Sh!"

"Burned one barn, and nobody's hurt, and we can burn another now so it'll never know what ailed it."

"No, no," said Johnny, "that's not fair. We didn't go to burn the other one. It happened, you know. If we did it a purpose we should be thieves."

"Thieves of what, I'd like to know?" cried Charley Fitz. "What's there in Barlow's ice-houses, out there in the meadows, to steal, I'd like to know? Tell me that, will you? There ain't even ice in them, and they'll burn like punk, and if you don't go and help me, I'll do it myself—I will, by George! I'll do it all by myself for the fun of it, and just to see old Barlow jump—he never'll give us any ice out of his carts!"

"I'd like to have it take fire," said Johnny McTavish with nice discrimination, "hunkidory. But I ain't a going to set it—"

"Well, who wants you to? You needn't!" "I won't then! There!"

"Just come along of me, and I'll do the business, you coward, you—"

"Anybody calls me that, and I'll knock it straight down his throat!" cried Johnny, squaring off.

"Come on, I stump you!" responded the valiant offender. But in another instant a blow from Johnny's fist had laid his lip open, and, as big a baby as he was a bully, Charley burst into tears at sight of his own blood, and there was a cry of horror from Fred; and Johnny was fain to melt into contrition and to allow the wounded brave extra indulgence, a double share of the nuts, his own way home at last round by the meadows and the icehouses, and there the little rascals, safe and unsuspected in the innocence of childhood, made a brief pause; and that evening, just at tea-time, and at the hour when careless and easy-going parents might allow a sight of the handsome blaze to their boys, who would see it uncontaminated by the touch of later darkness, the icehouses were laid in ashes.

Two fires, and no incendiary discovered. The bad boys grew bolder. It was then a safe and ordinary business, this setting of fires. There were sidelong glances of the eye among the three; catchwords passing between them; mysteries hidden from their mates with grandeur and gravity, but never supposed to have deeper meaning than intended excursions after barberries or seizure of the life-boat for attacks upon the eels and hornpots of the pond; rehearsals of their own emotions, each to the other, in corners of the playground; hints as to where available material lay for a third attempt; and finally—owing their impunity to no prudence of their own, but to the impossibility of believing any children to be such monsters of destruction—the culprits were full blossomed into conspirators, and the town was furnished with its gang of barnburners.

All people, when in danger from hidden enemies, have a fatal facility for looking in the wrong direction, and one would pity the inhabitants of this doomed town a little more if they had not so acquiescently remained at the mercy of three naughty children, who contrived to be more able than their elders were, though backed by the wisdom of years. When at last, as barn after barn, and hen-house after hen-house, and haycocks by the meadowful, from time to time, with brief intervals, disappeared before the devouring element, the desolated farmers began to see in the matter, with fearful forebodings, the hands of those who, for unknown reasons, were hostile to the great agricultural interests of the country, they believed themselves the sacrifice to some secret political organization; that mice had done what lions might do, their sense of self-importance rendered an impossible idea; they trembled if they found themselves belated after dark in lonely lanes; but for all that, brave men against a danger to be really seen, they reinforced their courage with billes and bull's-eyes, and night by night now kept watch over their endangered property.

It was of no use, though. The watch never went on till dark, and as the terrible incendiaries were obliged to be at home and over their bowls of bread and milk before dark, the fires had already been set, and were well under way presently, to break out in the very faces of the farmers, appalled as if they had seen lightning do the deed, or supernatural influences were at work before their eyes.

Nor did the season of snows prove any respite to the persecuted men, for, lest footprints should betray the size of feet, the boots of big brothers and fathers had been taken into service, and Johnny McTavish scuffled along once in a pair of his mother's rubbers, missing which, she had made more rout about them than Barlow made about his barns. It would have silenced her, perhaps, for one moment, could she have seen the measure of the impression made by these same rubbers of hers taken and carried down to the station-house, and there profoundly discussed and learnedly considered, pored over and studied by the detectives, as the print of no woman's shoe was ever studied before since the days of Sir John Suckling.

The detectives, however, never had the chance to take another impression of this particular footprint, because, upon the first fire set after the snows had come, Johnny McTavish severed his connection with the more unscrupulous little villains who groveled in tame repetition, for though Johnny was a head-centre of reckless mischief, he was not absolutely vicious or even malicious, and the affair had become such a safe thing to its perpetrators, and one of so little variety, that the fact was, it had palled upon his restless nature, and he had already begun to turn his attention to engines, and the possibility of obtaining one, at some time, for his own driving. Moreover, up to the present time, the buildings destroyed had been worthless and rat-ridden hovels, quite ready to tumble down with the first winter's storm, if left to themselves; and while their owners saw in their destruction the practice of an experimenting hand, Johnny himself may have felt that the process made the conscience callous, and might not end with a bonfire of deserted barns, not worth a hundred dollars altogether as old timber, but had possibilities, in its growth, of wickedness too great for him, wicked as he was. Nevertheless, Johnny's withdrawal made no difference with the conflagrations; his late associates knew he must keep his own counsel perforce, and as the work was thoroughly to their taste, they pursued it quietly and undetected at odd spaces of time. Before the spring came the business had grown so that it threatened to reach very serious dimensions. It is true that even yet no dwellings had been attacked, and that only those moss-covered ruins remote in the fields had as yet been fired—a deserted post-house, kennels, fencibles, out-houses and detached sheds—but nobody knew what the next step would be; presently they might all be burned in their beds; and at length, in desperation, when, to clap a climax to the outrages, Deacon Foster's workshop had

been destroyed, the farmers, banding themselves in a body, had offered a reward of two thousand dollars to any one who should procure information serving to secure the incendiaries who so disturbed their peace and their pockets—these midnight assassins of sleep.

When this reward had been well-posted and well-read, the vigilance committee of the farmers felt that they could safely relax their endeavors, since every citizen and every constable of the town were now on the alert to acquire a couple of thousand dollars, and Johnny McTavish himself warned Charley Fitz and Fred to rest from their labors a little till the watchdogs tired of their trade. But Charley Fitz was not to be warned; the mere fact of the close inspection to which the movements of every one were now subject aroused his emulation. He and Fred used to tell over and over to each other the story of the boy who, more than sixty years ago, was hanged for burning down half the town, comment upon his folly, and extol their own wisdom, and lay brilliant plans for future depredations. Fred had often been to Boston, and he had a daydream of the splendors of a conflagration wrapping the narrow thoroughfares and lofty buildings there. "It would be just like a scene in the theatre," said he, "if Cornhill and Court street and the old State House could only go altogether in one blaze!" And Charley, more romantic in his visions, had a shining castle-in-the-air of one of the great South steamers folded in a sheet of flame, while he himself, saving the life of some lovely damsel, was to swim ashore in safety after performing prodigies of daring, and to see his name in the newspapers, with encomiums upon his valor. And it was probably with the intention of keeping up their practice toward the performance of greater deeds, that, following very shortly upon Johnny's warning, they had the satisfaction of seeing the old school-house smoking in its embers, after a very pyrotechnical exhibition on its part, greatly enhanced in the boys' opinion by the oil of birch which doubtless fed the flames. It was a fortunate thing for the future careers of these pitiable young vagrants, whose parents played their own part so poorly, that at about this time the April fast-day came, and the year's first game of football, with its bitter tussle and angry quarrel, and sprained ankles and hurrying constable; for, as Johnny McTavish and Lot Lander both fell together in the scrabble, with the ball beneath them, and Johnny's elbow hit Lot a vicious blow in the stomach, the constable, hastening upon the scene, heard Lot gasp and scream, and then cry in the melee:

"You look out now, Johnny McTavish, or I'll blow on you and send you to jail's long's you live!"

"Blow, you blab!" cried Johnny, possessing himself of the ball. "You'd only have to go too, you know!" And he sent his trophy spinning sky-high before he expended an extra kick on Lot.

But with the uttered words a volume of light had entered the listening constable's dark brain, and he saw in that illumination two thousand dollars in his pocket, and the little house he meant to buy with it, and the very color of the matting in the entry, and the rose-bush beside the door; his eyes were blinded to everything else for the remainder of the day; he loitered round the corners, seeing nobody, but deeply engaged in the arithmetical process of putting two and two together; and late on that same afternoon he waylaid Lot Lander, and beguiled him down to the station-house by cautiously displaying to the trembling boy the alluring invitation and cogent persuasion of a pair of handcuffs half concealed in his pocket, and telling him he'd better come along peacefully, he knew, for it would be all the worse for him if there was any blood shed; and, shaking in every joint, with working face and quivering lips, Lot followed, till, closeted at last alone with the constable, his fountain of tears broke up in a freshet, and whereas he had meditated throwing himself at the feet of this awful public guardian, and clasping his knees, as the supplicants did in his Virgil, he found himself dissolved in grief and choked with sobs, and unable to move or speak.

(To be continued.)

Hon. Henry T. Blow, U. S. Minister to Brazil.

THE American Mission in Brazil has a great deal more of importance than it appears to those who do not consider the rôle which Brazil is destined to represent some day in the future. With an area equal to that of the United States and Territories, except Alaska, and with a liberal and enlightened government, Brazil is in the South American continent what this country is in the North American. Her population has increased at a fair rate; although the most disgraceful Paraguayan war has lasted already for more than four years, yet her commerce with foreign nations has always increased. The Empire exports now one hundred and forty millions of dollars worth of goods—one-third of our total exports—while fifteen years ago it exported only forty millions and a half. During the last four years the exports of cotton have almost doubled, and during the present year it will export eight millions of pounds of coffee more than in the last year. In the meantime, while the English prosper in their commercial and mining pursuits, but a very few Americans have a considerable trade there. We export to Brazil two millions less than we receive from her; thence the great necessity we have to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries, and the necessity of our being represented at Rio Janeiro by a Minister fully aware of the needs of the two peoples, and with a great deal of the spirit of his countrymen. For this purpose no better appointment could have been made than that of Hon. Henry T. Blow, of Missouri, whose likeness we give to our readers.

Mr. Blow is a native of Southampton, La.,

and spent his childhood in Alabama, but soon removed to St. Louis, where he was educated, and has since resided. As a merchant, a manufacturer, a miner and a politician, he has been always successful. From 1863 to 1867 he represented his district in the House. In 1862 he went to Venezuela on a special mission from President Lincoln, of whom he was always a warm friend. When the war broke out, Mr. Blow was the only one of his large family who took the Northern side, and then he exhibited endurance and courage in separating himself from all his relatives.

Before departing from St. Louis, his home, his fellow-citizens tendered to him, on the 13th ult., the most splendid banquet ever recorded in that city; it cost nine thousand dollars, and its guests numbered two hundred and twenty-five.

Mr. Blow and family sailed for Rio Janeiro on the 23d, on the Merrimac.

Senhor D. J. C. Magalhaens, the Brazilian Minister at Washington.

SENHOR DOMINGO JOSE GONCALVES DE MAGALHAENS, whose portrait we give, represents the Brazilian Government at Washington as their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Since his youth Senhor Magalhaens has been in the diplomatic service of his country, and for two years he has been in this country quietly filling his mission.

Senhor Magalhaens is the greatest living figure in the Portuguese literature. He is the creator of the Brazilian poetry, having been the first who combined and shaped the peculiar elements of the young empire. The "Confessões dos Tamoyos," composed by him, and sumptuously printed at the expense of the emperor himself, is one of the greatest monuments of modern literature. In the lyrical and the elegiac genres of composition, Senhor Magalhaens has been equally successful; and his tragedies have been always played with the warmest applause, both in Brazil and in Portugal.

Besides these works, Senhor Magalhaens has published a metaphysical work, the "Factos do Espirito Humano," which was, immediately after being published, translated into French by the well-known philosopher, Mr. Chancelier.

Senhor Magalhaens was born, in 1813, at Rio Janeiro, where he graduated in medicine.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Wimbledon Rifle Meeting.

The fortnight's exercises of the National Rifle Association, on Wimbledon-common, were concluded on Saturday, July 17, by the distribution of prizes. The winner of the Queen's prize by the soldier who, in 1866, won the same prize, was the great event of the meeting. The champion, who is but twenty-two years of age, was carried to the tent of the London Scottish on the shoulders of two delighted companions, where everybody insisted on drinking his health. The shooting for the army and navy challenge cup, and the charge of hussars and lancers in the sham fight, were also interesting events, the soldiers engaged exhibiting marked proficiency in the use of the rifle at long range, and displaying a degree of accuracy in field movements highly satisfactory to their officers.

Night Fete on the Bosphorus.

The people of Constantinople have been celebrating the accession of the Sultan by a series of quite novel fêtes, which consisted only in taking advantage of the natural facilities of the place, and to that end sparing no expense. Simple enough as a spectacle, but indescribably beautiful, was the night fete on the Bosphorus, with the vessels marked out in lines of light and colored fire, and the water reflecting in its clear depths the hues of a "million extra lamps." From the entrance of the Bosphorus as far as Therapia shone a double line of lights, and at intervals brilliant "set pieces" shot into stars and coronations, while the palaces on the banks were splendidly illuminated. In the morning there had been a reception at the imperial palace of the diplomatic corps, the Ministers of State, and other great dignitaries, and in the evening a grand banquet was held at Bebek, the palace of the Grand Vizier, at which the principal officers were present, with their respective dragomans.

The Cuban Revolution.

During the landing of the American expedition at the Bay of Nipe, on the Cuban coast, destined for the relief of the struggling patriots, the Spanish commander sent a body of troops to engage it, and if possible frustrate its designs. The expeditionists, however, repelled the assault, and the regulars were obliged to withdraw their fire. Meanwhile the Spanish frigate Africana, which was cruising in the waters of the coast, hearing the noise of the firing, came to the assistance of the Spaniards; but, mistaking the regular troops for the insurgents, opened a brisk fire on them, and killed above forty of their number.

The Bermuda Floating Dock.

In a former number we gave an illustration and description of the huge Bermuda Floating Dock, recently constructed at Woolwich, England. Our present engraving represents the iron monster with its flotilla of steamers leaving Porto Santo for their voyage across the Atlantic. It is anticipated that the conveying steamers will return to England, on the completion of their task, at an early day in September.

Among the Glaciers of Mont Blanc.

With the ascent of Mont Blanc many of our readers are, perhaps, familiar, and the difficulties of the Mer de Glace, the struggles on the Col, the nights spent in the welcome huts with the guides, and the sound of avalanches of the untrodden snow, will to them be pleasing reminiscences. Our illustration, representing a party of tourists struggling amid the glaciers in search of an elevated peak from which to behold the wondrous beauty that spreads over the summit of the Mont at twilight, will be readily recognized as an accurate engraving of that sublime locality.

Antiquities of the Crimea.

We have previously spoken of the antiquities discovered in the neighborhood of the Crimea by recent travelers. Of these the rock-cut church at Inkerman

is at present the most interesting. The ancient place has been re-decorated, and is now in good condition. During the war it was the quarters of a large body of soldiers, who used to fire on parties approaching too far down the slopes of Inkerman. The church is dedicated to St. Clement, who is supposed to have been buried under the altar. It is constructed after the pattern of most Greek Christian churches, and is provided with shrines, chapels, and a balcony from which a fine view of the celebrated battle-field may be had.

Looking at the Solar Eclipse in the Central Park, New York City.

THE solar eclipse was the great feature of attraction on the 7th of August, throughout the more than usually vast extent of habitable territory where the phenomenon was visible. In the city of New York, where the eclipse, although only partial, was still sufficiently marked to excite the curiosity and admiration of the inhabitants, there was a general demand for smoked and tinted glass, and, at the hour announced for the grand solar spectacle, the house-tops and windows, from which a fair view could be had of the western sky, were crowded with expectant spectators. Some of the eminences of Central Park afforded excellent opportunities to the sightseers, and the crowds that assembled at that charming locality on Saturday afternoon were on the alert to behold the heavenly show.

Our illustration represents a scene on one of the most frequented spots in Central Park during the interesting event.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

Nothing belonging to us rose up full grown. No Minerva ever sprang out full-armed from Jove's brow; no thought leaped to maturity without its previous passage through long lines of failure and imperfection. Not an art that now stands alone, but was once bound up with something else. Architecture, sculpture, and painting, now so distinct, were once concrete and united; the severance effected but slowly and hesitatingly; each step taken amid the clamors of the conservatives of those times, and the threats of downfall and degradation held over the innovators. First came architecture; rising gradually from the cover of matted boughs, through the tent, the mud-mound, the house and the temple. The earliest architecture was plain; no attempt at ornamentation, no knowledge of sculpture. By-and-by some one carved a bas-relief, a pilaster, perhaps, or a wall-band; others acted on the idea and engraved a figure, until, by degrees, architecture passed up to that period when bas-reliefs were part of it, and statues, bound to the building as pilasters, were as necessary ornamentation as now are door-jambs and window-sills. Then some one colored the bas-reliefs; and later still, some daring hand severed the connecting band, and the statue stood out free and separate—but still colored, and so not yet distinct from painting. This came at last.

But as all these things grew only in the beginnings of society, and as the beginnings of society are universally theocratic, painting was, like architecture and sculpture, simply another servant and hand-maiden to the temple. Thus nothing was known but religious painting—altar-pieces and the like. Then from this artistic unity spread out the present wide artistic growth; and the one perpetually repeated altar-piece "differentiated" into the historical picture, the landscape, the portrait, the seascape, the genre picture, the miniature, and, later still, the highly-finished caricature—the caricature without grossness and full of elegance, which has been the special growth of the present century. Thus Leech and Gavarni have come by regular progression from that forgotten man who first daubed the hideous graven image on the temple with red ochre and pitch; as Raffaele was the son, by time, of him who first built up the baked-brick wall, and enlarged the idea of the mud-mound into an aboriginal hut. But architecture was not only allied to sculpture and painting, but also to literature. Egypt, Mexico, India, and other nations, all had their beginnings of literature in their graven and emblazoned architecture.

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

THE rose of England, as the national emblem, had its origin about the year 1450, in the early part of the reign of Henry the Sixth. A party of noblemen and gentlemen were discussing who was the rightful heir to the English crown, and after a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would be more free from interruption. Scarcely, however, had they arrived when they perceived Richard Plantagenet approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his presence, a great silence ensued. He, however, asked them what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who had filled the throne. A false and absurd politeness preventing their making any reply, he added: "Since you are so reluctant to tell your opinion by words, tell me by signs, and let him that is an adherent of the House of York pull a white rose as I do." Then said the Earl of Somerset, "Let him who hates flattery and to maintain our rightful king, even in the presence of his enemies, pull a red rose with me." When Henry the Seventh married Elizabeth of York the rival houses were blended, and the rose became the emblem of England.

CARE OF THE LUNGS.

By all means have children taught to sing. This exercise, properly cultivated, is one of the best means of strengthening the lungs that can be desired. Many persons with a deficient development of chest, by singing and vocal training have enlarged the capacity of the respiratory organs fifty and even one hundred per cent. As soon as children are old enough, reading and speaking may be added to their exercises. The diffusion of air in the lungs, and a demand for a larger supply of it, are greatly enhanced by vocal culture; and besides, if properly taken, they are a valuable means of improvement. As the lungs depend for their nourishment on the blood, and as this is good or bad, or well or imperfectly digested, it is very important that the stomach be kept healthy, and abundance of good food be supplied to all children. Thousands of children's lungs are made weak by improper food. Too much food clogs them, causing colds and inflammation, resulting perhaps in sowing the seeds of consumption; too little food, or of poor quality, starves the lungs, and they become weakened for want of sufficient nourishment.

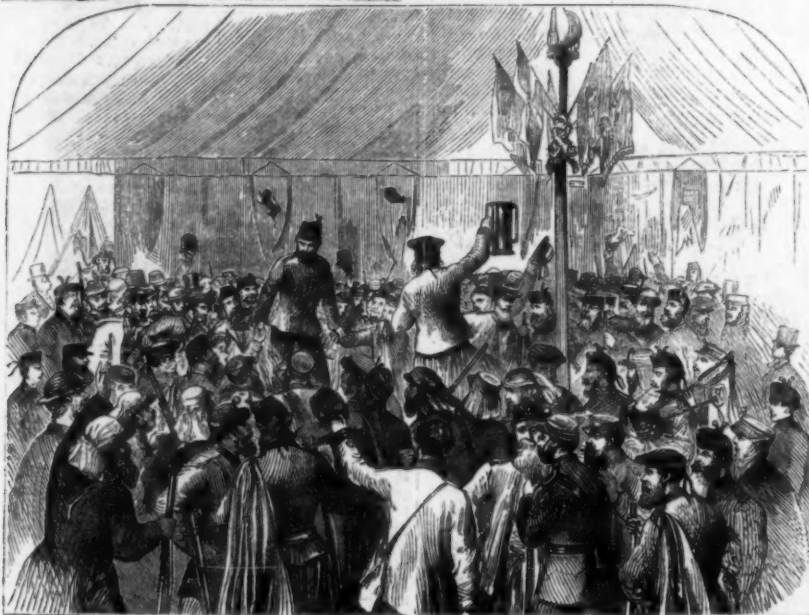
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 355.



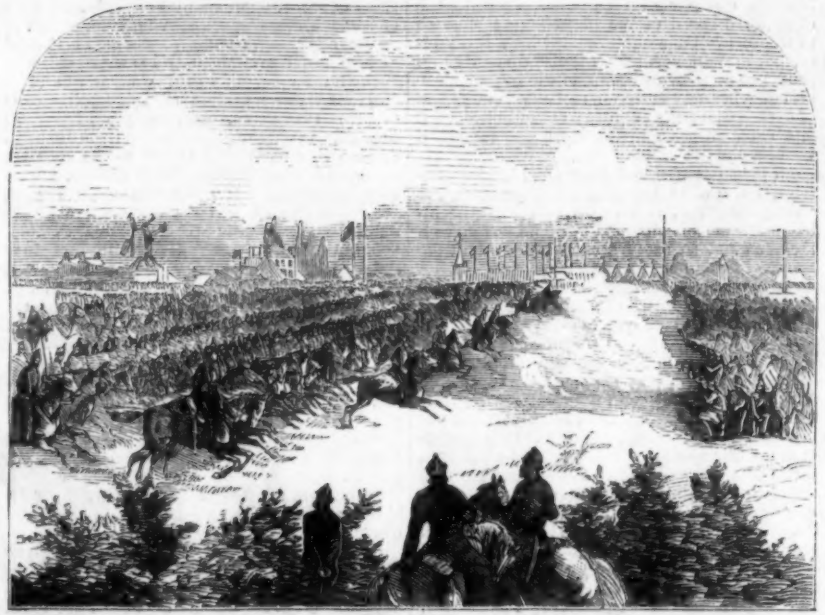
THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING, ENGLAND—SOLDIERS SHOOTING FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CHALLENGE CUP.



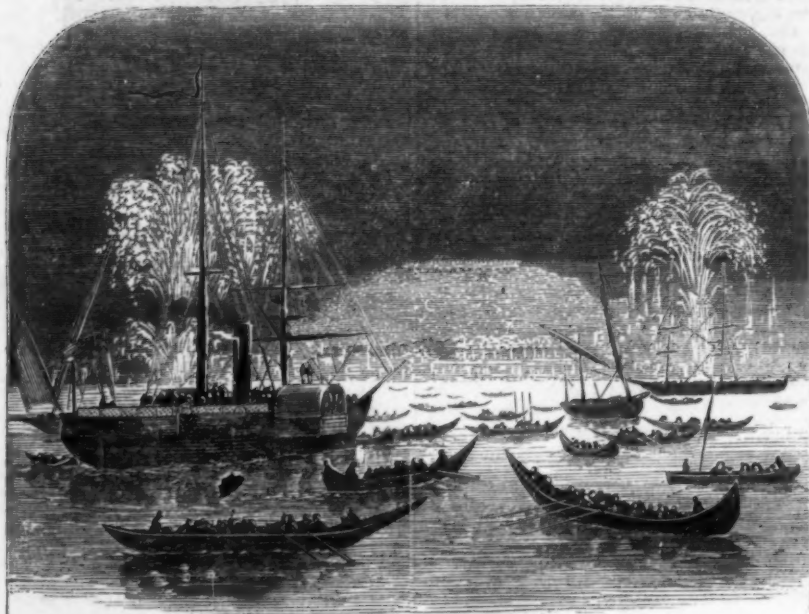
THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK AND NAVAL SQUADRON AT PORTO SANTO.



THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING, ENGLAND—THE LONDON SCOTTS DRINKING THE HEALTH OF THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.



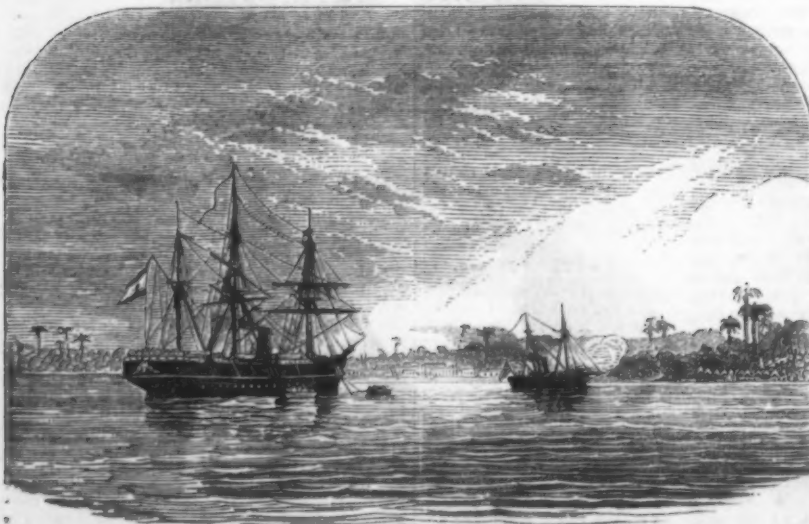
THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING, ENGLAND—THE SHAM FIGHT—CHARGE OF HUSSARS AND LANCERS.



NIGHT FETE ON THE BOSPHORUS, IN HONOR OF THE ACCESSION OF THE SULTAN.



AMONG THE GLACIERS ON MONT BLANC.



THE SPANISH CRUISER AFRICAINE FIRING ON THE TROOPS AT NIPE, CUBA, BY MISTAKE.



ANTIQUITIES OF THE CRIMEA—ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT INKERMAN.



THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, 7TH AUGUST, 1869—A GROUP OBSERVING THE ECLIPSE, AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 355.

THE LOVERS' RIDE. AN ADVENTURE ON THE KIRGHISE STEPPIES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE very extensive, and somewhat indefinite region called Central Asia, is the object of considerable attention on the part of both Russian and English diplomats. The Governments of the Queen and the Czar are anxious to ex-

tend their power, the one to the north and the other to the south, and thus far the Russians have advanced most rapidly. The comparatively small territory of Afghanistan lies as a sort of neutral ground between British India and the country over which Russia has recently obtained more than nominal sway, and it is quite natural that the English should regard with solicitude the Muscovite advances toward their Asiatic possessions. Both parties are putting on their best smiles, and each endeavors to outdo the other in winning the esteem of the

wily ruler of the Afghans. Possibly the barbaric prince is in the condition of the fair lady who sings—

"How happy could I be
with either,
Were I other dear charm-
er away."

But while they thus tease him together, he has a word to say, and according to the latest advices from the East, the British suitor appears to have the advantage over the rugged Russian bear. The Czar, however, does not despair, and has sent a fresh embassy, with a liberal array of presents and an invitation to send an Afghan delegation to view the wonders of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Few travelers have penetrated to the interior of Central Asia. They were deterred less by the difficulties of the route than by the manners and customs of the natives, who have a very strong prejudice against foreign visitors, and are in the habit of putting them to death when discovered. A few years ago, Arminius Vambéry, a Hungarian, who had lived several years at Constantinople and familiarized him-

self with the languages of the East, penetrated to Khiva, Bokhara and Samarcand, though at considerable peril and a very narrow escape on a dozen occasions from losing his head. An acquaintance of Mr. Vambéry's once told me a curious incident of that gentleman's journey. Vambéry claimed to be a dervish, or devout Mohammedan, and used to go through all the prayers and ceremonies of the faith with punctilious exactness. The Mohammedans wash their arms several times a day either with sand or water, whichever is most convenient. One class of the faithful washes downward from the shoulder, and another washes upward from the wrist. Of course the hair on the arms has an upward or a downward slant, according to the mode of washing.

One day when Vambéry was at his devotions one of his pious companions looked at his arms and said:

"You must be a strange sort of Mohammedan; your hair grows every way—it is neither up nor down, and I suspect you are no follower of the Prophet, but a vile Frank."

"I explained," said Vambéry, "that the faithful at Constantinople followed the ceremonies of both classes of their Asiatic brethren. My explanation was accepted, though evidently unsatisfactory, and for several days I was closely watched. This incident, apparently trivial, nearly cost me my life, as I should have been murdered instantly had my true character been discovered, or the suspicion of my falsity been generally entertained."

The Russians have visited all the cities of

Central Asia; sometimes as merchants and at others as soldiers. The trade with Russia is an important one, and for this reason the merchants are tolerated. They never attempt to convert the natives to the Muscovite faith, and most of them are quite ready when among the Asiatics to concede that the religion of Mohammed is the most ancient and the most to be respected of all the religions of the earth. The Russian armies that penetrate this region have a great deal of the *fortiter in re*, which they unite with the *suaviter in modo*. When they



SENATOR D. J. G. MAGALHÃES, BRAZILIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 355.



HON. HENRY T. BLOW, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLÉNIPOTENTIAIRE FROM THE UNITED STATES TO BRAZIL.—SEE PAGE 355.

have conquered a province, they become warm friends of the conquered, and the terms they exact are apparently very light. An Asiatic expects that a conquest will result in the loss of everything he possesses, and the slaughter or sale to slavery of all the prisoners. When the subjugated Khans find that their lives and property are spared, their religion left without interference, and their subjects are allowed to go and do as they please, they are surprised at the clemency of their captors. Russia asks only for nominal sway over the country, collects a light tax or tribute, and sends a Russian youth or two to be educated in the household of the Khan.

These youths are really spies upon the movements and designs of the Khans, but the latter suspect nothing wrong, and frequently show considerable fondness for their guests. The subject Khan is contented to be let alone on the one hand and protected against hostile neighbors on the other, and in this way all the country that Russia has conquered in Central Asia is very easily held.

South of the Altai Mountains there is a vast extent of country occupied by wandering tribes of Kirghese. The Kirghese formerly occupied much of what is now Western Siberia, but they have been pressed gradually to the southward, though many of them still remain in their original districts. They have immense droves of sheep and horses, which constitute their wealth, and they lead a nomadic life in search of pasturage for their flocks and herds. When I penetrated to the Altai chain, in 1836, I saw many of these Tartars living in harmony with the Russians, whom they found excellent neighbors. They sell great numbers of cattle to the owners of the Siberian gold mines, and drive large flocks of sheep to Ekaterinburg in the Ural Mountains, where the tallow is melted down and made into cakes for exportation. The Russian tallow that reaches England and America comes from the Tartar flocks of Central and Northern Asia, and has been made from the grass growing on the Kirghese steppes and the rich valleys of the Altai Mountains.

Some of the Kirghese tribes make occasional incursions into the territory of their neighbors, and steal everything they can bring away. Of course they are subject to reprisals, and consequently there is a good deal of warfare in a small way between the various bands. Property which they steal in this way is considered as legitimately acquired, and the whole business is perfectly respectable. The animals they acquire are placed in their own droves, and the captives are reduced to the condition of slaves. They have an ingenious way of preventing prisoners from running away; they make a small incision in the heel, and place a little ball of horse-hair beneath the skin. The wound is then closed, and the victim is lamed for life. He can never walk or run rapidly, and a sharp eye is kept upon him to prevent his appropriating a horse.

Sometimes the prisoners escape, and as they do not know where their tribes are, they strike to the northward, where they can be safe among the Russians. I saw several men who thus escaped, and were living among the Russians in the capacity of servants. One of them was a fine-looking young fellow, whose tribe lived between the Altai Mountains and Lake Ural, spending the winters in the low lands and the summers in the valleys of the foot hills. He was the son of one of the patriarchs of the tribe, and was captured, during a *baranta* or foray, by a band of Kirghese, sent out by a chief who had long been on hostile terms with his neighbors. The young man was held for ransom, but the price demanded was more than his father could pay, and so he remained several months in captivity.

He managed to ingratiate himself with the chief of the tribe that captured him, and as a mark of honor, and probably as an excuse for the high ransom demanded, he was appointed to live in the chief's household. He was allowed to ride with the party when they moved, and accompany the herdsmen, but a sharp watch was kept on his movements whenever he was mounted, and care was taken that the horses he rode were not very fleet. The chief had a daughter whom he expected to marry to one of his powerful neighbors, and thereby secure a permanent friendship between the tribes. She was a style of beauty highly prized among the Asiatics, was quite at home on horseback, and understood all the arts and accomplishments necessary to a Kirghese maiden of noble blood. It is nothing marvelous that the young captive, Selim, should become fond of the charming Acson, the daughter of his captor. His fondness was reciprocated, but, like prudent lovers everywhere, they concealed their true thoughts and feelings, and to the outer world preserved a most indifferent exterior.

The twain used to ride occasionally side by side when driving the herds or moving to new pastures, and there were many moments in the daily life of the household when they could exchange bewitching glances and tender words. As their love increased, Selim heard that he would shortly be ransomed, and on the other hand Acson was informed that a formal proposition for her hand, accompanied by the proper presents, was about to be made. Of course the lovers were unhappy at this intelligence, as in either event they would be separated beyond hope of meeting again. The feud between the tribes, and the high price demanded for the bride, made it altogether useless for Selim to think of securing Acson as a bride in the regular manner, and he concluded to carry her away.

He broached his intention to Acson, who readily favored it, and between them they arranged plans for their departure. It was thought best to make the attempt when the tribe was moving to change its pasturage, and their absence would not be noticed until they had several hours' start, and were many miles on the way. They waited for the chief to give the order to move to another locality, where the grass was better. The time seemed long to

them, as the old fellow was very dilatory, and did not think to move his flocks for nearly a fortnight after the lovers had planned their elopement. Finally he gave the order, and early on the following morning everything was in commotion about the ool, as a village is called in the Tartar tongue.

Acson managed to leave the tent in the night, under some frivolous pretext, and select two of her father's best horses, which she concealed in a grove not far away. By previous arrangement she appeared sullen and indignant toward Selim, who, mounted on a very sorry nag, set off with a party of men that were driving a large herd of horses. The latter were ungovernable, and the party became separated, so that it was easy for Selim to drop out altogether and make his way to the grove where the horses were concealed. In the same way Acson abandoned the party she started with, and within an hour from the time they left the ool the lovers met in the grove. They believed their absence would not be noticed until the new pasture was reached, and the tribe went into camp, and as the march would last several hours, they counted upon getting a good start.

It was a long way to Selim's tribe, but he knew it was somewhere in the mountains to the north and west, having left its winter quarters in the low country. The pair said their prayers in true Mohammedan style, and then, mounting their horses, set out at an easy pace to ascend the valley toward the higher land. Their horses were in excellent condition, but they knew it would be necessary to ride hard in case they were pursued, and they wished to reserve their strength for the final effort.

In the afternoon they halted for rest and refreshment, letting their horses graze while they rested, and after a delay of an hour or two proceeded on their journey. An hour before nightfall, as they were talking of their loves and hopes, they saw, far down the valley, a party in pursuit. The party was riding rapidly, and from appearances had not caught sight of the fugitives. After a brief consultation the latter determined to turn aside at the first bend of the valley, and endeavor to cross to the next stream, while leaving the pursuers to go forward, and be deceived.

They turned aside, and were gratified to see from a place of concealment the pursuing party proceed up the valley. The departure of the fugitives was evidently known some time earlier than they expected, else the pursuit would not have begun so soon. Guided by the general course of the hills, the fugitives made their way to the next valley, and, as night had come upon them, they made a camp for the night beneath a shady tree, picketing their horses, and eating such provisions as they had brought with them.

In the morning, just as their steeds were saddled, and they were preparing to resume their journey, they saw their pursuers enter the valley a mile or two below them, and move rapidly in their direction. Evidently they had turned back after losing the track, and found it without much delay. But their horses were more weary than those of the fleeing lovers, so that the latter were confident of winning the race.

Swift was the flight and swift the pursuit. The lovers put their horses to their best speed, and the pursuers did the same. The fugitives knew that a terrible punishment awaited them if captured. For Selim it would be death, and for Acson, her father's great displeasure, the loss of her lover, and her speedy marriage where she could not escape. Unless the pursuers captured the runaways they would not dare to return to their tribe, lest they might suffer from the wrath of the chief, on learning there was no hope of recovering his captive and his daughter.

The valley was wide and nearly straight, and the lovers steadily increased the distance between them and their pursuers. They followed no path, but kept steadily forward, with their faces toward the mountains. Their pursuers, originally half a dozen, diminished to five, then to four, and as the hours wore on Selim found that only two were in sight. But a new obstacle arose to his escape.

He knew that the valley he was ascending was abruptly enclosed in the mountains, and escape would be difficult. Further to the east was a more practicable one, and he determined to attempt to reach it. He would have gone back to the one he first ascended, but he feared that scouting parties had been sent to watch the mountain-passes in that direction, and would be prepared to meet him.

Turning away from the valley, he was followed by his two pursuers, who were so close upon him that he determined to fight them. Acson had brought away one of her father's scimitars, and with this Selim prepared to do battle. Finding a suitable place among the rocks, he concealed his horses, and with Acson made a stand where he could fight to advantage. He took his position on a rock just over the path his pursuers were likely to follow, and watched his opportunity to hurl a stone which knocked one of them senseless. The other was dismounted by his horse taking fright, and before he could regain his saddle, Selim was upon him. A short hand-to-hand fight ensued, which resulted in Selim's favor.

Leaving his adversaries upon the ground, one of them dead and the other mortally wounded, Selim called Acson, and returned to where he had left his horses. The two horses belonging to his pursuers followed him as he rode away in the direction of the valley he wished to reach. Both the fugitives were thoroughly exhausted on reaching the valley, and found to their dismay that a stream they were obliged to cross was greatly swollen with recent rains in the mountains.

They were anxious to put the stream between them and their remaining pursuers, and after a brief halt they plunged in with their horses. Selim crossed safely, his horse stemming the current and landing some distance below the

point where he entered the water. Acson was less fortunate.

While in the middle of the stream her horse stumbled upon a stone, and sprang about so wildly as to throw her from the saddle. Grasping the limb of a tree overhanging the water, she clung for a moment, but the horse sweeping against her, tore the support from her hand. With a loud cry to her terror-stricken lover, she sank beneath the waters and was dashed against the rocks a hundred yards below.

Day became night, the stars sparkled in the blue heavens; the moon rose and took her course along the sky; the wind sighed among the trees; morning tinged the eastern horizon, and the sun pushed above it, while Selim paced the banks of the river and watched the waters rolling, rolling, rolling, as they carried his heart's idol away from him for ever. At length his pent-up sorrow found vent in the relief that only tears can give. Each hour the volume of waters increased, and even had he wished it he would have found it impossible to retrace his steps.

Voices on the opposite bank recalled him to his senses, and looking up, he saw a dozen of his enemies assembled. Though little caring what fate should overtake him, he still felt the instinct of preservation. Mounting his horse, he departed, and reached the Russian lines without further adventure.

MISTS.

WHEN o'er the smiling landscape spread,
The misty vapors rise,
And Nature's lovely face is veiled
Reluctant from our eyes:

E'en as we mourn the picture fled,
Uprising in his might,
The glowing sun the fog repels,
And, bathed in floods of light,

Again to our enraptured gaze,
Each varying charm unfolds;
Whilst heaven-sent melody of birds
Entranced our senses holds.

Thus, when, to steadfast eye of Faith,
The mists of doubt and fear
Enshroud in dark obscurity
The prospect bright and clear,

The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
With His all-powerful ray—
Will banish hence the shadowy gloom,
Till perfect reigns the day!

NOT DEAD.

"It is an awful night," I said, shuddering all over, as I heard the roar of the surf, the hideous wailing of the wind, and the dash of the rain against the window. We lived on the coast of New Jersey, in the prettiest village ever cradled on its silvery sands, or bathed in the blessed sunshine—thrice blessed because of the fearful storms that darkened our horizon at times. My husband was out in the storm; he was the favorite physician in the village, because he was skillful, never pressed for his pay, and endured stormy nights and other hardships like a good-natured hero.

I could not go to rest this terrible night while Angus was away. He was always my Angus, though he was "the doctor" to many others. I sat cowering over the fire, with my infant nestled in my lap in all the sweet peace of babyhood, wishing and longing for my husband. My heart was sinking with fear. I was sorry that he was a physician. If he had been a farmer, a teacher, a clerk, a tradesman, or a mechanic, he might have been in his bed now, and so I vainly regretted that *what might have been* was not. Very foolish I was, like many others. At last I heard his steps, and the outer door opened, and the blast blew him in, as it seemed, and with difficulty he shut the door. He came up-stairs, and exclaimed:

"Not in bed, Mattie? It is past midnight. Lay that little man away, and make haste after him. You should have been asleep two hours ago."

Angus spoke cheerfully, but there was a tremor in his voice, as if he were frightened, and did not wish me to know it. I looked up at his face. It was pale, as if he were dead.

"What is it, Angus?" said I.

"What is it? Why, the hardest storm that ever blew great guns on our coast."

"But something troubles you, Angus. Is old Mrs. Pratt going to die?"

"No, not till she is a hundred years old. Make haste, Mattie, and go to bed. Dick will wake and cry presently, and the storm is bad enough without his storming."

I still looked into his pale face, and at that moment a dreadful sound struck my ear. Angus started to his feet.

"You heard it," said he.

It was the gun of a ship driving on the breakers, almost at our very doors, for we lived close to the sea, and on the most dangerous part of the coast.

"I saw her in a flash of lightning just before I came in," said Angus. "She was driving right on the rocks. Go to bed, Mattie dear, and I will call John, and go down for Higgins and Dort, and see if anything can be done."

Higgins and Dort were fishermen, and had boats, and ropes, and a great many things that might be needed in such a time as this.

"Angus," said I, "don't ask me to go to bed. Can I sleep while those poor creatures are in peril? Can I forget that you might be on board that ship?"

My husband called John, our man-of-all-work, again put on his storm-garments, and silently kissing me and the baby, he went out. Again the booming gun sounded. It was much nearer now, or else the roar of the storm was somewhat hushed. I warmed some milk for my baby, for I knew I was too much frightened to nurse him. He waked hungry, and I fed him. He slept again, and I tried to look out

into the pitchy darkness. I heard only the roar and crash of the storm. All is over with the ship, said I to myself. I waited for my husband, and for the morning, and longed to hear again the sound of the gun. I waited in vain for all. The morning seemed indefinitely postponed. It was early autumn, and the weather, though chilly, would not be fatal to the poor sailors, as the cold often is on our terrible shore. Day dawned at last, and when it was light enough I examined the beach with my husband's spy-glass. After a time I made out the ship, wedged in among the rocks, and the waves rising like hills and mountains over and against her. Meanwhile my husband and others were on the shore. I should have been with them but for my baby.

A barrel was sent ashore with a line wedged in at the binnacle: when this was secured a hawser was fastened to the line, and drawn ashore by means of it. This hawser was drawn away from the breakers as much as possible, and firmly secured. One by one the men ventured upon this support. All came safely to the shore but the captain. He was the last to leave the ship, and by some means he lost, or never gained, the support of the hawser, and his lifeless body was thrown ashore at some distance from the point where the men were received. A young man, who had been the last to leave the ship before the captain, was passing to and fro on the beach in an agony of anxiety, when the body was thrown high upon the sand, almost at his feet. With a wild cry, he seized upon what had been, a few minutes before, the animated master and preserver of them all. My husband was beside him. A fisherman brought a piece of sail, and they laid the body on it, and four men bore it to our house. The young man gave some directions to the sailors, and then followed the sad cortege. It was a miserable end of my suspense, but I was relieved. The rescued crew went on to New York, after they had been provided with dry clothing and breakfast by the villagers, who supplied their wants with great kindness, and afterward gathered up their coffee and oranges, as they came ashore, with as much diligence as if they had had a bill of sale of the cargo.

A strange feeling thrilled through my heart as they brought the captain of the *Midas* to our house. I did not feel as if a corpse were being borne over our threshold.

"Angus," said I, "he is not dead."

"He is dead, my dear," said my husband, solemnly, at the same time drawing me away from the body.

The men placed their burden gently on the floor, and then they lingered as if loth to leave.

"His friend and I can do all now," said Angus, very thankfully; "and, Higgins, you and Dort must go and see if you can't save some of the cargo that will be drifting ashore. They will call us pirates or Arabs if it is appropriated, as the cargo of the *Mary Anne* was."

"Men don't consider it stealing to pick up a bag of coffee or a box of oranges on the sea-shore," said Higgins. "They would not take a cup of coffee or a single orange out of a shop for their right hands."

"I know," said Angus; "but you must tell them that somebody owns that cargo."

"We will see to it," said Dort, and then they all went away.

The young man had held his hand on the captain's heart, in the vain hope to discover warmth or motion.

"Angus," said I, "will you not put him in my bed? There is a fire in my room, and we must try to bring him to life; I am sure he is not dead."

Angus seemed out of patience with my unreasonable pertinacity; still he made a very thorough examination of the body, but failed to discover any signs of life. Then he turned to me, and said:

"My dear, I will do everything just as if I were as sure that he is alive as I am that he is dead."

He called John, and assisted by the young man, whose name was Wilson, they carried the captain to my room, where they took off his clothes, and laid him in my bed. Two women came in. I gave my little Richard to one, and employed the other in preparing the breakfast; and I devoted myself, with my husband and Mr. Wilson, to the endeavor to resuscitate the drowned man.

We raised the head on pillows at the back of the bed, and let the legs and feet lie over the front side of the bed in a pall of warm water. I laid flannel cloths on the chest and stomach, wrung out of hot water, or hot vinegar, or hot spirits, for I used all in turn, and Angus and Mr. Wilson and John rubbed the apparently lifeless body. All the time I felt sure that the captain was alive, and I was impatient that I could not make Angus believe it too.

"My poor Mattie," said he, "the wish is father to the thought."

Mr. Wilson hardly spoke; he worked incessantly, never stopping to take anything but some wine and water, when he was nearly fainting with exhaustion. Some of the time he was rubbing the body; again he was inflating the lungs with the bellows; and then he was fomenting with the warm flannels and spirits. At the end of six hours he sat down, and seemed despairing. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and then he rose, and flung himself on the bed beside the body. He clasped the cold form to his bosom, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my friend! how can I ever tell Annie and Lizzie that I left you to drown!"

Then he wept long and bitterly. My husband led him out of the room.

"It is all over, Mr. Wilson," said Angus. "Take a morsel of food, and go to bed; you are worn out; we will do the rest."

While they were gone out I examined, probably for the fiftieth time, the space over the heart. There was a scarcely perceptible warmth. Still it was perceptible. I ran downstairs to tell my husband. He was standing by

Mr. Wilson, whose arms hung beside him as if they were palsied.

"There is warmth about the heart," I cried. Wilson sprang to his feet as if he had been electrified. My husband looked at me with tender reproach, as much as to say, "Your hope is false and foolish;" but he did not speak, and we went up-stairs. He examined the heart with his hand and ear, and then bade Mr. Wilson do the same, saying, "There is life!"

Hope seemed to have animated Wilson with a new life, but my husband would not allow him to do anything.

"If you will take some toast and wine, then you may work again, Mr. Wilson," said Angus.

I brought the food, and the young man ate, and then they again began their labor of love. The warmth at the heart increased, and then there was a faint fluttering, and in an hour more we were rewarded by the first struggling breath of our patient.

I never saw such joy as that of the young man when he knew that his friend was alive. Soon he was breathing steadily. He was not as much bruised as we had supposed at first, and he seemed strangely well when he became conscious. He took a cup of hot wine and water, and said:

"Let me go to sleep, Wilson, and I will wake as good as new. All hands are safe, you say, and I can afford to turn in and sleep till to-morrow or next day."

"He smiled a good-natured happy smile, and went to sleep."

"Now, Mr. Wilson," said I, "can't you follow such a good example?"

He lay down on a couch in the room with his captain, and I went away to my baby, as happy as I could be. Why cannot we be as happy when all our friends are alive and well, and saved from the endurance of sorrow, day after day, as when a stranger is rescued from death? How near and dear these strangers seemed to us, though we had known them not yet a day! We went word to Higgins that the captain was alive, and he and Dort came up, and with a quiet joy shook hands with us, seeming afraid to speak above their breath, lest they should awaken the sleepers. They spread the news, and the next morning a great many came to offer their congratulations.

The captain tried to rise only, but his head failed him.

"The more haste, the worst speed," said he. "I meant to see home and wife to-day, but they will keep till to-morrow."

And he quietly laid his head back on his pillow.

"You are a jewel of a man," said my husband. "I expected you would be down on your luck, and scold, because you could not go home the day after you were drowned."

"I am very thankful for the chance of going home at all. All seemed so near, as if it were at my own door, when the storm struck us. But as I can't go to New York to-day, the next best thing is to go to sleep."

We left him to the sleep he so much coveted, and went down to the parlor with Mr. Wilson, who had very little of the captain's patience—I suppose because he had not been drowned.

"You have been very kind, my friend," said he, "and before I leave you I wish to tell you something about myself. Three days ago I was going home with a heart full of hope. Now my hopes are gone, or indefinitely postponed; but I am happier than when I was hopeful. If I had been left to the terrible sorrow of going home with Captain Martell's body instead of his living happy self, then I should have known trouble."

"Two years ago I begged my mother to let me go to sea. She is a widow, and I am her only son. She was not willing that I should be a sailor, but finding that I could not be happy at home, she consented to consult Captain Martell about me, and take his advice. Of course he advised her to submit to fate, and took me on his own vessel. Our first voyage was to China in the good ship Midas, that is beating herself to pieces out there on the rocks. We had a fine voyage, and came home laden with tea and silks. I was twenty years old when we reached home. I staid at the captain's house a day and night before I left for my own home, which is some distance from Boston. On this visit, at my captain's, I first saw his wife's sister, Annie Lawrence. I lost my heart to the dear girl. Annie was a lady, and her father was wealthy, and she had many suitors. She was eighteen years old, and had set her heart against the sea."

"I will never marry a sailor, though he were a captain of a golden ship," said Annie. "I would sooner marry an apothecary, and live at the back of the shop, and smell assafoetida all the time."

"Captain Martell laughed.

"I remember," said he, "my wife said the same; but she got over her prejudice when she found that I could not be coaxed or driven."

"My mother had a good property, and she put half of it in my hands to make ventures in our ship, and for a year past I have been trading with Captain Martell to the West Indies, and adding to my capital very rapidly. Just before our last voyage I determined to have a last word with Annie about the sea. She knew very well that I loved her better than all the world, though I had never told her so."

"You may think it strange that I should tell you all this, but you seem just as if you were my brother and sister. The night before we sailed was a lovely summer evening, and Captain Martell and his wife, Annie and I, were sitting in an arbor in the garden; for though the house is close to the town, they have a pretty garden. We were all very merry, probably because we were not happy."

"Mrs. Martell seemed to know that I wished to speak to Annie, and she drew her husband away, and left us alone."

"Annie," said I, "are you in earnest when you say you will never marry a man who goes to sea?"

"I am," said she.

"You know, Annie," said I, "that I am now

second mate of Captain Martell's ship, and that when I am twenty-one, which will be next month, I shall be first mate."

"Is that anything to me?" said she, almost harshly.

"Annie," said I, "I love you, and if you have any regard for me, it is something to you!"

"She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept passionately, terribly."

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "you don't know how miserable I am. I have everything to make me happy, people say, but I am miserable about the sea. I was wretched about Captain Martell before I knew you, but since I came to be your friend—"

"To love me, Annie," said I; "do say that."

"Well, ever since the first day I saw you, and thought of you going on the hateful, treacherous ocean, I have dreamed about you on every week, I verily believe. And I have always dreamed that you were wrecked, cast away on some dreadful breakers, and always you and Captain Martell were drowned. I have seen your bruised and bleeding bodies on the rocks and sands, and beaten about among the breakers, full fifty times. Oh, who would love a sailor, if it were possible to avoid it? Oh, if you could escape from the sea! But you cannot. Captain Martell is your Fate; he will never leave the sea, and you will never leave him; and the end will be as I have seen in my dreadful dreams so many times. And then what will become of Lizzie and me?"

"Again she wept passionately."

"But, Annie, will you marry me if I leave the sea? I must go this voyage."

"You will never return alive," said she; "you and Captain Martell will be drowned. I saw you both last night, wrecked and cast ashore dead."

"Annie," said I, "if I return alive from this voyage will you marry me?"

"Her only reply was, that if we made the voyage, we would both be drowned."

"I left her the next day in a great sorrow, and now I am going back to her penniless, for all my property was in the ship. How can I marry and be dependent on my wife?"

"It is better than being wrecked and drowned besides," said Angus.

"Better, but it is not well," said Ralph Wilson.

In the afternoon Captain Martell was able to get up and be dressed. In the evening he came down-stairs.

"I shall be as good as new to-morrow," said he. "I wonder if the people here will gather the pieces of my poor Midas; if they do, doctor, save a piece for me big enough to make a cane. There is one comfort—we were insured, vessel and cargo."

"Insured!" exclaimed Wilson, "vessel and cargo?"

"Exactly. I should not have insured our cargo, but Annie begged me to do it; she said you would be ruined if we were wrecked, and that it would be hard for a young man to lose an independence just as he had gained it."

"Then she did not quite believe that I would be drowned," said Wilson, smiling.

The next day Captain Martell and Ralph Wilson went home. Some weeks after, my husband received a letter from Mr. Wilson. I give an extract:

"I am married to my dearest Annie. Captain Martell and I are going into business together. We are going to be wholesale traders in coffee, tea, tropical fruits, etc. I promise Annie to give up the sea, and she promises me to give up dreaming."

"I wish you could have been at the wedding, but I knew that baby could not be brought, and would not stay at home, so you did not get an invitation. Next summer we shall come to visit you, even if you do not invite us; meanwhile you will accept our love, and the assurance of our deepest gratitude. We shall always pray heart-prayers for you. We are four of the happiest people in the world, and you were the means of all our happiness."

Besides this letter, we got wonderful gifts from our friends; and from that time to this they have visited us every summer, and we have visited them every winter.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

AY, let him in, Doris, but what boots it! He can do naught for me;" and the lady tossed round impatiently to the other side of her couch. But the grave presence of the stranger who was now ushered into the apartment awed even her restless spirit; and, quietly and inquiringly, she turned her face toward him, waiting till he should speak.

Seating himself, he began:

"Daughter, thy fame, and the fame of thy afflictions, hath reached me. I am here to proffer comfort; fear not to confide in me; and be assured that the blessing of the Lord shall rest on thee."

Slightly raising her on her arm, the lady replied: "Who are you, that you should say be comforted? Can you give back the blessings which the Lord has taken from me? Wherefore deride me? I ask not your presence."

"Bethink thee, daughter, thou art not the only sufferer in this wide world; the poor—the—"

"Hold! Do riches give happiness? Then truly it becomes me to revel in joy; yet, when you go hence, seek out the meanest beggar, and tell him—whisper it close—that Amédée de Montfoux envies him his lot and his rags."

"Hush! these are ravings; yet I go. I may not listen to the sinful outpourings of a discontented heart. I will pray that our holy Mother Church may not utterly repudiate one so lost, and that the tender mercies of God may descend in healing showers to soothe thy worldly aching heart."

But before he reached the threshold, a faint voice called him back.

"Forgive my waywardness; and stay, father, have patience with me."

"God have patience with thy forward spirit, daughter," said the priest, more sternly than he had yet spoken.

As he retraced his steps, Amédée de Montfoux half raised herself, and closely scanned the appearance of her unexpected visitor. His dress was that of a Catholic priest, his form was tall, and his bearing distinguished. His features she could not see; this was owing partly to the hat which shaded them, and partly to the semi-light which pervaded the chamber. His tones were calm and impressive, and as he spoke there seemed something in the voice which was strangely familiar; yet if it were so, she could recall no one to whom those tones might have belonged.

"Do you know my history, father?" she asked suddenly.

"I have heard of a woman who lived with her husband and children, upon whose head blessings were invoked by the poor and needy, who was distinguished alike by rich and poor, and whose life was a bright example; and I have also heard of one whom it pleased the Lord to deprive of her children; whose husband became of evil repute and died the sinner's unrepenting death, whose friends left her, and who is a miserable woman—such a one as I see before me."

"But you do not, cannot know what he did; wherefore have I no friends now? Wherefore am I an exile in a foreign land? But what is all that to the loss of my children?" sobbed the unhappy woman.

I think the demeanor of that grave priest would have startled you at that moment; those eyes which blazed with wrath, and those clinched hands, proclaimed that he was not even the passionless thing he might have seemed. It was but for a moment, however. He drew a long hard breath, and again you saw before you the cold severe ecclesiastic.

"Daughter, cease thy weeping; and ere I show thee God's most merciful consideration and bounteous consolation for such as thou, listen and judge. Others besides thee have traversed the dark valley of sorrow and humiliation."

Amédée remained silent and still, and after a short pause the priest continued:

"Many years ago I went to the Pine Forest. It is not for me now to paint the all-subduing beauty which pervaded the Pine Forest, steeped in the silvery moonlight of that still, calm evening; but I see it before me, and I see myself as I was then, a youth for whom existence was happiness; and in my mind I cast a halo round the future, and visions of greatness and grandeur floated before me. Nor were these visions wholly unfounded. Of noble birth, though poor, I had been taken by the hand by a powerful relation, who watched the development of my powers of mind with increasing interest. I was to have been heir to his name and fortune, and my betrothal to Amédée de la Sainte Lorraine was sanctioned with his approval. As I stood then, the cool breeze which stirred the tops of the pine trees whispered to me of all which existence had in store for me, and I said aloud in my exultation, 'All things prosper with me.'"

"Again, in a year's time, I went to the Pine Forest. It was evening, but a fierce storm raged. All the elements were warring in deadly strife; peal after peal of thunder shook the earth; more terrible still was the forked lightning—and why was I there?"

"Was not my whole being convulsed with a strife as deadly as that which moved the elements? Even so, for that morning had seen the downfall of all my hopes and prospects in this life. How shall I speak of the vile hound by whose perfidy I was falsely accused, and ignominiously ejected by my noble kinsman who hated the name of deceit and fraud? So cunningly was the snare laid, that not the astuteness or penetration of my more than father availed to discover it, and therefore I was the victim. Not till he was on the eve of a felon's death did that arch-deceiver proclaim to the world his guilt and my wrongs. Was this naught to bear? Was it easy to quit Lutzenberg, thrust out by night, and without saying one word to Amédée de la Sainte Lorraine? I throw not; and I would were my murmurings against the Providence who overlooketh all, and ordereth all for the good of his ungrateful, rebellious children. Listen yet a minute longer. Some years passed, and having occasion to pass through Lutzenberg, I rested there for one night. In the evening I went once more to the Pine Forest. How much had I not to think of and be thankful for, while resting under the shade of those well-known trees! On leaving Lutzenberg, after my disgrace, I had gone on to Rome; there God, in His infinite mercy, inclined the heart of the Superior of the Jesuits toward me. I became a member of the order, and neither my origin nor my history were made known to any but the Superior. In course of time I rendered important service to my order. I rose, and now I am trusted, revered, loved beyond my due—and Amédée? Well, they told me at Lutzenberg that she had married and was happy, happy in her choice, in her children, and her life; and I thanked God that I was enabled to rejoice in her happiness, also for my own peace, sure and lasting. That was my last night in the Pine Forest, and I go there no more now. My mission takes me to distant climes."

"But rumors were afloat; they came nigh me; a cry arose which I cannot choose but hear; and therefore am I here this day. Daughter, arise, put off the ungodly grief which clingeth round thee as an unseemly garment? Arise, I say, take up thy burden, sink not under it. Wouldst thou regain thy children? Seek holy communion with them through thy Saviour, thou shalt find them. Weep not, but rejoice. Minister to the poor as thou wert wont in former days. So shall I go on my way rejoicing without the dread cry in my ears which maketh my task heavy."

And saying, "God be forever with thee," he rose and left the room. But I knew that while he yet lingered on the threshold, the faintest whisper rose melodiously in the air— "The spirit is willing; I pray God the flesh may not be weak."

SIFTINGS.

THE relict of Stonewall Jackson has just received, in the form of a legacy, \$10,000.

JEFF DAVIS has been invited to make Kentucky his home.

NINE thousand dollars are paid yearly to keep up Universalist preaching in Franklin, Mass.

THEY are dealing largely in Boston in frozen poultry.

SPAIN is in an exceedingly disturbed condition.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, an imperialist with democratic tendencies, is suggested as the future king of Spain.

MANY of the streets of the metropolis are exceedingly dirty, some so foul that it sickens the stomach to pass through them.

COAL is ranging at high figures all over the country. Reasons therefor: genuine strikes at the mines and combinations among speculators.

THE Harvard crew practice daily on the River Thames, in anticipation of the coming international contest.

THE freight tariff on the Union Pacific Railroad has been greatly reduced—from thirty to forty per cent. on former charges.

THE great diplomatic question in European Courts is with regard to the proper rank of visitors at the Suez Canal opening.

THE general health of New York has been unusually good since the opening of the present season.

CONDUCTORS on Swedish railways are required to be well acquainted with minor surgery before they are permitted to take charge of passenger trains.

A COLONY of fishermen residing at Rockland, Maine, purpose, in good earnest, to pull up stakes and migrate to Puget Sound, Washington Territory.

A CINCINNATI says there is no virtue in the people of Maine being temperate. Their water, he says, is good, but their whisky awful. And that's the reason!

THERE are said to be upward of one thousand miles of horse-railroad in the United States. In 1860 there were only four hundred and two miles of road.

THE Jewish ladies, it appears, have a secret society, which is a notch or two above the Sororian contrivances of their Gentile sisters. It doesn't go in for "Woman's Rights."

THE people of Boston are contemplating the possibility of a Central Park. The Common is becoming quite too common for the more fashionable of the Hub.

AN American gentleman traveling in Europe says that Secretary Boutwell's financial policy is greatly strengthening the credit of our Government abroad.

BISHOP PERCIVAL, of Kentucky, has been presented with a sum of money sufficient to defray his expenses to Rome to be present at the Ecumenical Council.

THERE is a hearty, bustling old lady as lively on her feet as a girl of sixteen summers, who claims to be 102 years old, residing in the Eastern District of Brooklyn.

AN unfortunate man's suicide is thus told by the *Herald*: "He laid himself down and shot himself with his big toe." Probably it was loaded with nails.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON has been successfully operated upon for a carbuncle—not a cancer, as erroneously stated—which came on the back of his neck.

MR. GRIFFIN, the engineer in custody for the Mast Hope disaster, declares that he had no sleep for forty hours, and, moreover, has always been a man of strict temperance.

JOHN G. SAXE, LL.D., the poet, having lectured one thousand times on the Atlantic seaboard, is going to the Pacific to try his hand at "elevating the race." He'll do it.

A DISGUISED party visited the jail at Appleton, Columbia County, Ga., recently, and took therefrom a negro man and woman. On the following morning these were found lying dead in the road.

NAPOLEON III. is rapidly liberalizing his Government. The Emperor is no longer to be the State. Ministers are to be held responsible, and the autonomy of the legislative chambers guaranteed.

A FEARFUL colliery disaster happened in Saxony on the 2d of August. There was an explosion in the galleries of the mine, and in consequence 321 persons were killed.

THEY are talking in the District of Columbia of annexing Georgetown to Washington. The national capital may then be called "George Washington."

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that unmuzzled dogs have been permitted to run at large in the city of New York during the present summer, but fewer cases of hydrophobia have been noticed than occurred during the colder months of the year.

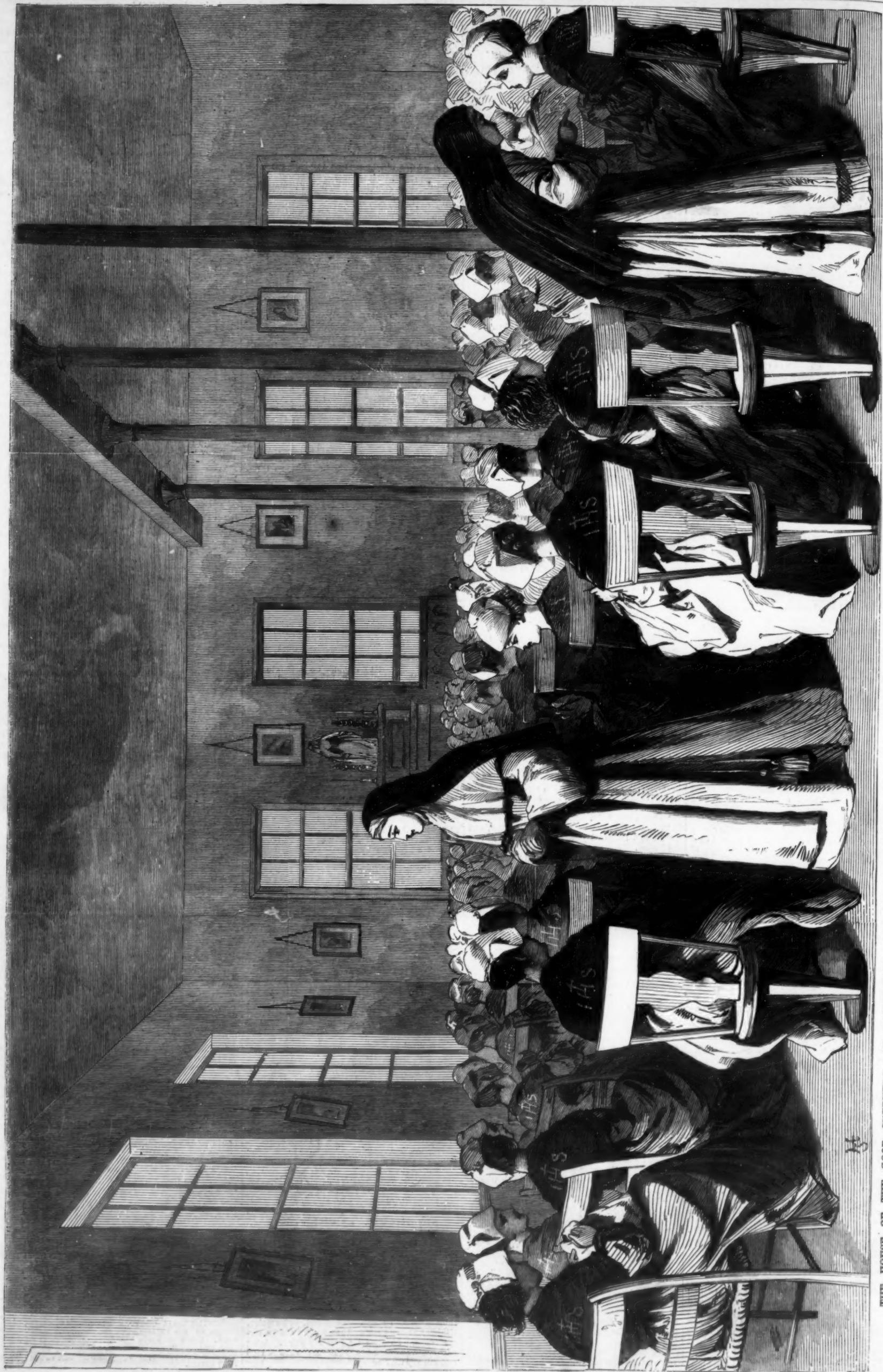
THE President recently ordered the seizure of the thirty gunboats that were building in this city for the Spanish Government. The seizure was made on the protest of the Peruvian Minister, who charged that they were intended to operate against his country.

THEY are forming coal-associations in different parts of the country, in order to upset the arrangements of the monopolists. Coal is not cheap at \$5, but they are wanting \$10 and even \$11 per ton for it.

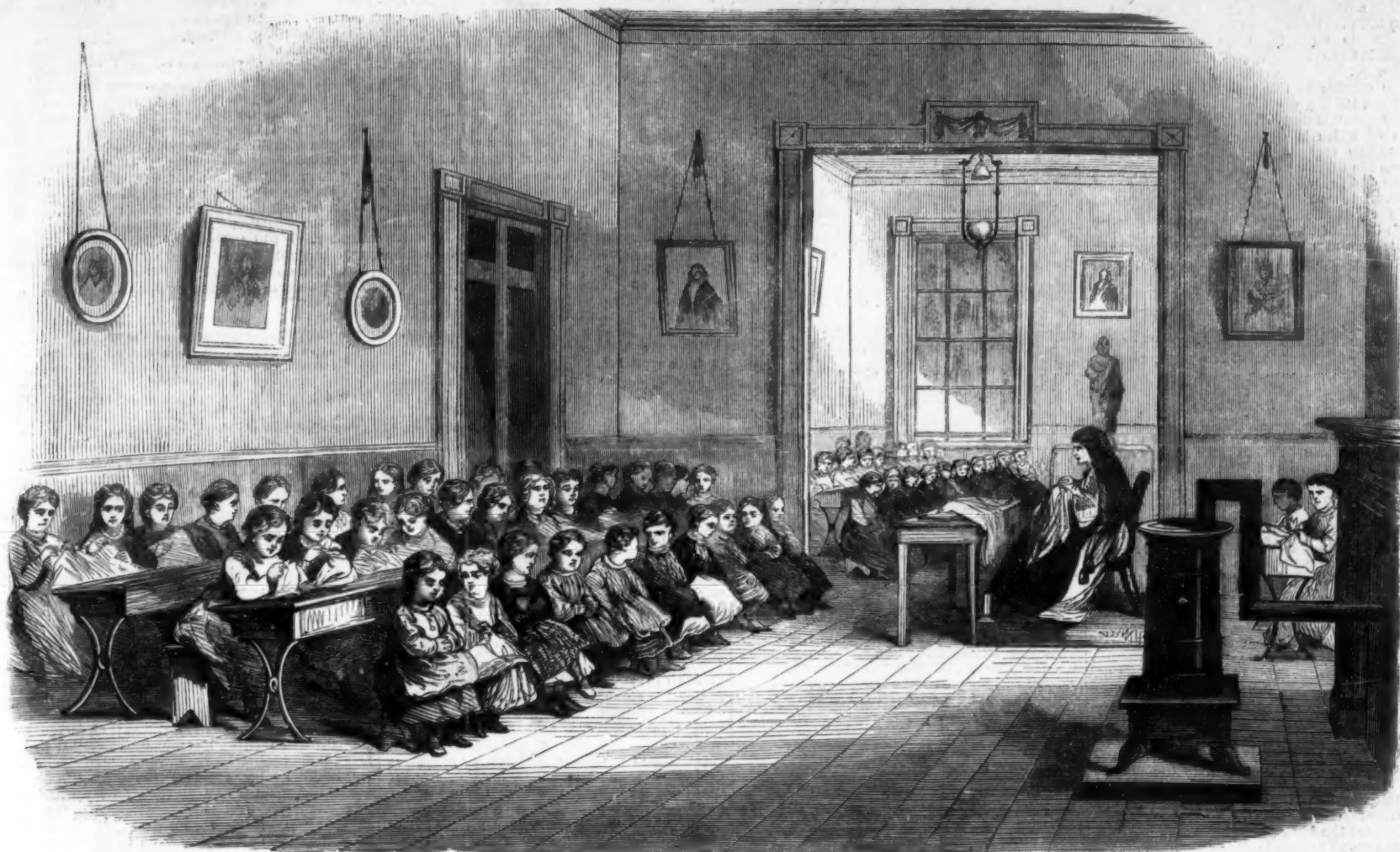
THE people of St. Louis are holding meetings, in which they resolve that the national capital, with its columns, domes, etc., should be removed from Washington and set up in their city. It won't be done this season.

A MAN named P. Lamber, living near Canton, Mo., attempted to swim across the creek with his little boy upon his back a day or two ago. Both were drowned. A man named Rogers attempted to save them, and he was also drowned.

REV. OLYMPIA BROWN has been called to the charge of the Universalist Church of Bridgeport, Conn. The church was built by P. T. Barnum some years ago. And the church of the same denomination, of North Bend, Mass., is to pass into the care of Miss Mary Graves.



THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, AN INSTITUTION FOR THE REFORMATION OF FALLEN WOMEN, 89TH AND 90TH STREETS, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK—THE SEWING-ROOM FOR THE MAGDALENS.

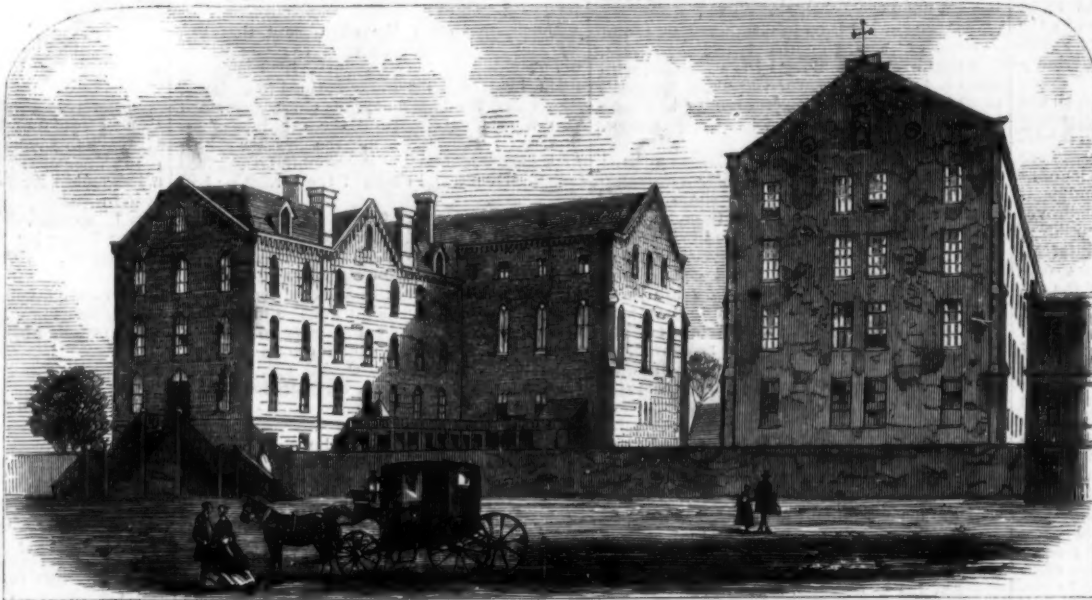


THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, NEW YORK CITY—THE SCHOOL-ROOM FOR THE JUVENILE CLASS.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE spirit of enlightened philanthropy can assume no holier mission than the reformation of fallen women. Much has been written, much has been spoken on the subject in behalf of the wretched class concerning whom the Saviour said: "Let who is without sin cast the first stone;" but very little has been done in the path of practical rescue of those unfortunates from the curse of their infamous profession. The more praise, therefore, is due to those who enter practically and successfully into the labor of reform, and, in view of the difficulty and the sanctity of the task, among the noblest of the charities of this country is that fulfilled by the House of the Good Shepherd, of this city.

The intention, and, let us say, to a gratifying extent, the achievement of this institution, is nothing less than to reclaim and thoroughly reform the most hardened, the most abandoned, and the most loathsome of the human family.



THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, NEW YORK CITY—VIEW OF EXTERIOR.

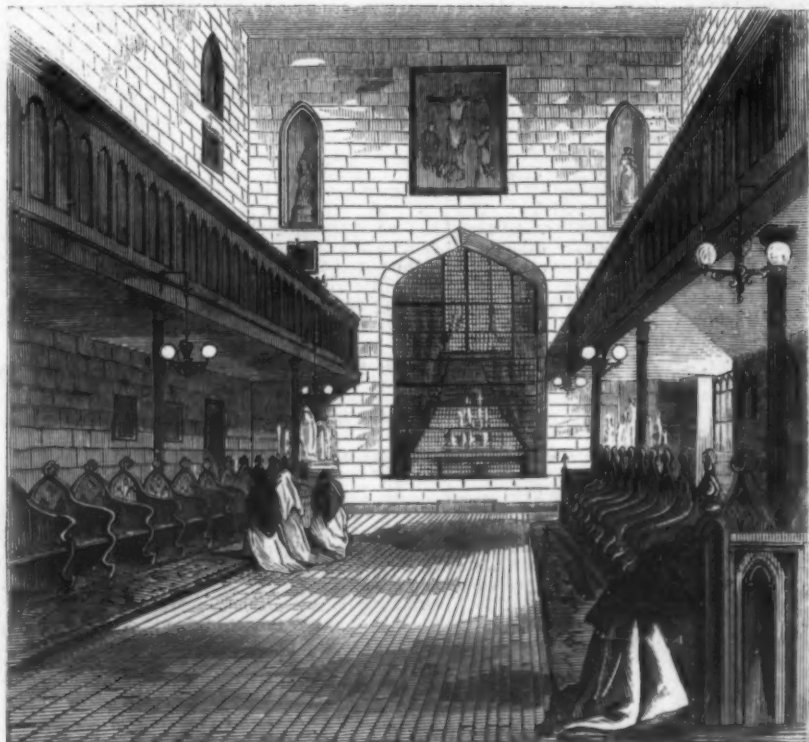
It is a house of correction attempting, by moral means alone, to reform the worst abuses, and to provide a home—a happy and quiet retreat—for the inmates of the houses of infamy.

On application to the institution, so long as any room remains to accommodate them, young women coming from any part of the country, of any religion whatever, are received without being questioned, and the same uniform kindness is paid, and the same accommodations and training provided for all, without the least regard being paid to the particular religion in which they have been educated.

As no force is used to compel persons to enter the institution, so they are under no restraint to remain, but, on application to the Mother Superior, can at any time leave, though, while under protection, they remain always within the enclosure, where they are trained, educated to useful occupations, and when thoroughly reformed, the religious give them a perpetual home, or send them into the world safe, useful, and vir-



THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, NEW YORK CITY—THE PAVILION.



THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD NEW YORK CITY—THE CHAPEL.

tuous members of society. The labors of the Sisters have been attended with the happiest results, not only on account of the number who have been received into the establishment, but because in most instances those who have entered have been entirely and thoroughly converted.

The number in the institution on the 1st of January, 1869, was 480.

The inmates are divided into four classes, each of which is entirely separated from the others—no communication being allowed between the different classes.

The first consist of Magdalenes, who are penitents, who have been converted, and are leading the life of religious, under the rule of the Third Order of St. Teresa, 50.

The second class is that of the penitent women and girls, who have been received into the asylum in order to be converted, 200.

The third class is that of the preservation, composed of children who are in danger of falling, and mostly those of bad parents.

The fourth class is composed of girls within the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, committed by magistrates.

These make up a total of 480, the total number received into the institution since its foundation being at the last report 1,986.

The institution was commenced in Fourteenth street, New York, on the 2d day of October, 1857, by five religious of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. By reception of novices since that period, the community has increased to 83 members, and six out-door Sisters, eleven of whom are engaged in forming a foundation of the order in Boston, and twelve more in Brooklyn.

The present location is at the foot of Eighty-ninth and Ninetieth streets, East river, in the city of New York, on a plot of ground containing about thirty-two city lots.

We have carefully and correctly illustrated the establishment in its most interesting features, showing the details of discipline and instruction, which, under the strict surveillance of the self-sacrificing Sisters, are admirably suited to the holy end in view.

Through the courtesy of the Mother Superior we were permitted to visit the various apartments of the institution, and note the appearance and occupation of the inmates. Passing through the convent yard, we were escorted to the Houses of Correction, where, upon every floor except the attics, hundreds of young girls and women were seen busily engaged in plying the needle or running sewing-machines.

Seated in long rows, one behind the other, and at intervals, were monitresses, neatly but plainly attired. We were pleased to notice the rosy cheeks, robust forms, and cheerful looks of the beneficiaries, who are encouraged by the Sisters in all innocent gaiety, though of necessity strict silence is observed during working-hours.

As the visitor enters each department all the inmates rise to their feet, and remain standing until the presiding Sister gives the sign for resuming seats and duties. Upon the lower floors and in the basements an immense laundry is conducted with remarkable order and neatness. It is fitted up with all modern improvements and conveniences; those for starching, fluting and ironing being of particular interest. Cheerful countenances are to be seen everywhere about the House, and in none of the departments of labor did we detect the least attempt at sullenness or dissatisfaction.

The dormitories are on the attic floors of the Houses of Correction, and are well ventilated, but there is too much cramping. Bedsteads and chairs have to be improvised by the Sisters to accommodate the present number of inmates.

Leaving the Houses of Correction, and passing through the Convent and garden, we come to the most interesting feature of the institution—the Magdalene House. As we passed up the stairs, sounds of cheerful conversation and merry laughter were heard from the large working-room; but all was silent when a tap on the door announced the presence of a visitor. Entering the room, a beautiful spectacle greeted us. Forty nuns, attired in the brown dress of the Third Order of St. Teresa, were seated with their hands meekly folded beneath their scapulars. They were of all ages, and evidently of every rank in life. Some bore an expression of external meekness, while others possessed all that archness and bewitching beauty that are nature's most dangerous yet pleasing gifts.

From the Magdalene House we proceeded to the Preservation School, where we found about 100 fat, chubby pupils, many of whom were not more than five years of age. Their fine, clear complexions, their physical vigor, and their general deportment, proved that they are sheltered by kind and indulgent friends. The arrangement of the chapel is peculiar. A heavy iron grating separates the altar from the main room, and the decorations, of which there are many, exhibit the purest taste. Above the altar is a rare picture forwarded from Rome, which represents St. Veronica in the act of wiping the Saviour's face, as he sinks beneath the heavy cross.

To secure the love and confidence of "the children," as the inmates are affectionately termed, appears to be the first aim of the Sisters; and as soon as the poor outcasts enter the House of the Good Shepherd, they find, indeed, a "mother's tenderness, and a sister's help."

In every department of the House are seen the touching emblems of Christianity found in all Catholic establishments. Along the staircases and corridors and in every room, little altars, shrines, statues and pictures greet the visitor's eye.

Spacious as this excellent institution is in its design and execution, it is by far too small for the number of females already receiving its benefits. The demands for accommodations are now very great, and subject to continual increase. The reforms being conducted are of inestimable importance to the Christian world

at large, and those who value the purity of religion, and a high moral tone of society, should see that this institution does not become crippled, in its usefulness, for want of funds.

LIFE'S SWEET MAY.

We tread the sunny paths of life,
Its flowers around us spring;
Our hearts are light, our homes are bright,
Glad voices sweetly sing.
We feel the charm of the golden light,
As it shines upon our way;
And the hawthorn's blossoms, red and white,
Come out to welcome May.

In the perfumed air each tiny bud
Is opening to the light;
Each leaf is quivering in the glade,
Laden with dewdrops bright.
The birds are softly trying their notes,
Trilling a merry lay;
And a cloudless sky hangs over all,
The joyous month of May.

As we are slowly passing along,
We feel, but cannot tell,
The mighty power, the wondrous power,
Which holds us in its spell.
The pebbles are glittering in the brook,
We watch the silvery stream;
And with its murmur comes the thought,
Life's May is like a dream.

Is like a dream, for well we know
The glorious light must fade;
Though we love the warm, bright sunshine,
Before us lies the shade.
And many a heavy sorrow
Will on our pathway stray,
When the flowers have drooped, the birds
Have fled,
And gone is life's sweet May.

ASKAROS KASSIS, THE COPT.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—EL WARDIA'S SACRIFICE.

WHEN El Warda entered the silent and deserted house of the Syrian, she saw no one below, and, passing up the stairs, she entered again, for the third time, the sitting-room looking out upon the Ezbekieh.

But she started back in disappointment, and in shame, at seeing another than Daoud there. The slight figure standing by the window, with the back toward her, seemed his, but when it turned toward her, in response to her light touch upon the arm, she recoiled in amazement.

Though the features were similar to Daoud's, instead of the colorless complexion of the Syrian, with the thick short hair clustering around the temples, the face she saw was swarthy as that of a Circassian; the ample turban covered a shaven head, while the beardless upper lip lacked the silken mustache Daoud always wore. The man seemed equally embarrassed, though he did not show the same surprise as herself, for he seemed to recognize her in spite of the thick veil, which she had not raised. When he spoke, she was reassured, for the voice and the smile she at once knew as those of the man she sought; though she still marveled much at the strange metamorphosis.

"Welcome, thrice welcome to my poor house! whose master is ever at thy service, gentle lady," he said. "Sit down, and tell me the most devoted of thy servants to what cause he owes the honor of this visit; for well he knows it is not made without grave reason. Now, as ever, thou hast only to command him."

El Warda took the proffered seat in silence, much marveling at the masquerade that had so changed her companion, that even she did not at first know him. Lost in thought, she did not speak for some minutes, and Daoud also preserved a respectful silence, as though awaiting her pleasure.

At length she spoke, and, making no allusion to his appearance, related to him circumstantially the incidents already described; beseeching his aid a second time to save her brother, as he had done the first.

When the girl had finished her tale, a revival of the fierce conflict he had first gone through, took place in his troubled soul. He saw the dangers of the new complication, caused by the renewed treachery of Abbas, and the necessity for prompt action, if he would save both husband and wife. But his distracted brain could find no other hope of aid, than the dread woman he had sought to repudiate.

He felt the supreme crisis of his fate—of his own and of the gentle girl before him, so trusting and so dependent on him—had come. He felt his decision must be immediate, as it would be final; that the fate of all four, and of another beside, their deadliest foe, hung trembling in the balance, which a breath from his lips would incline. And at that thought, his pride and his courage, from temporary eclipse rose into full effulgence, and his voice and mien were composed, almost commanding, when he spoke again.

"El Warda! sister, and more than sister! light of my life! pulse of my heart, and inspiration of my soul!" he cried: "the liberty of Askaros Kassis and the honor of his wife, the life of Daoud-ben-Yousouf, and of their common foe, all—strange as it may seem to thee—all now hang upon the slender thread of one word from those lips of thine! Utter it, and I go to danger, perhaps to death, to rescue those thou lovest even more than thine own dear self. Utter it not, and I fold my arms, and lift not my hand and peril not my life, for those who care not for me, and whom I regard as less than any single hair that falls from thy beloved

head! With thee, and thee alone, rests the decision—and on that decision hangs the destiny of all!"

"And that word?" cried El Warda. "What is it? and how can one word from the lips of a weak girl do such great things? Oh! Daoud, dost thou too mock at my misery by such words at such a time?" and dropping her face in her hands, the hot tears trickled through them, each drop blistering the Syrian's soul! while the shudder that ran through her frame attested the violence of her grief, at the loss of her last hope—his sympathy and succor.

A spasm of pain contracted the Syrian's brow at the sight of her suffering; but, the sublime and pitiless egotism of the passion he called Love, conquered. He stood still, watching her, while every nerve and fibre of his frame quivered with suppressed pain—like that of a wretch upon the rack—at witnessing her suffering. Gradually the hysterical paroxysm passed; the girl's sobs grew infrequent, then ceased: and she raised her eyes, still wet with tears, to the arbiter of so many destinies besides his own, in a mute appeal that he felt he must answer.

Callous as he had grown—involuntarily as Achilles to the ordinary casualties of the warfare we call life—like the Grecian, he too had his one point, through which he too might, at an unguarded moment, meet his fate. No Indian at the stake ever endured with more stoical composure the tortures that agonized body and soul, than he had outwardly witnessed the sufferings of the girl before him, crushed by the loss of her last hope. And the cynical coldness with which he had spoken, made her resign herself to the grief of utter despair.

But that look was more than the man could bear; and the suppressed passion, the grief, the love, the agony that possessed him—all found vent at last in a rush of words that almost choked his utterance.

He told her now, in words that burned with the heat of his own long-stifled passion, all his love, all his misery, all his sin! He concealed nothing—extenuated nothing. Had he been standing before the great Judgment-seat in the presence of his offended Creator, he could not have spoken more fully. With the frankness of a death confession, he explained to her everything that had hitherto seemed dark and mysterious; and he opened to the astonished vision of the pure girl the black depths of sin and sorrow, unsuspected before by her guileless heart, to which evil had been a horrible, but shapeless thing.

He told his own story, concealing nothing; he revealed the iniquities of Abbas, and the crimes of the princess; he showed the actual situation as it was, with all its terrors and all its perils.

When he ceased, the excitement that had sustained him thus far, seemed to give place to deep humility and despondency. His head sunk upon his breast, his frame seemed to collapse, he crossed his hands over his chest, and stood like a criminal awaiting the sentence of his judge—all the pride, all the passion which had animated him in the beginning, sunk into self-abasement and dread of the verdict he had challenged.

Over the expressive face of the girl, while he continued speaking, there passed many changes; from disapproval to condemnation; from pity to almost loathing; from righteous indignation to qualified approval; from repulsion to sympathy. But as the penitent went on in his confession, the change from severity to softness grew more perceptible; and ere he finished, the expression of that candid earnest face grew more pitying, more sympathetic, almost affectionate: as though the first harsh judgment had been revoked.

When he had ceased, and stood like the criminal awaiting sentence, there stole upon his ear, like the music of seraphs from above, the soft low tones of the voice he loved so well to hear, bringing soothing words full of hope and promise to his struggling soul.

"I have heard thy strange tale, O Daoud! my brother," she said, "with mingled feelings of despair, of terror, but finally of hope and joy for thee! For the latter part redeemeth the first: for does not the Holy Book say, 'There is more joy over the sinner who repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons made perfect'? And hast thou not repented in the agony of a self-imposed humiliation, to thee—as I know thee—more bitter far than death? And shall not thy repentance be accepted by God and man: and the joy in heaven, as it is on earth, be proportionately great therefore?"

As she raised her eyes above in the ecstasy of devotional rapture, she seemed to the gaze of her worshiper more divine than human. But his soul could never soar to those heights where hers habitually reposed; and the impression produced upon his mind by this unselfish rapture was but transitory.

Abrimant—his lower nature—dragged him back to earth again, and tempted him to drag his idol down with him. So in answer to the enthusiastic girl, he said:

"I thank thee for the hope and comfort thou hast given one sorely in need of both. We have spoken enough of the past; let us now consider the present and the future. What thou hast come here to tell me, proves the necessity of immediate action. Even now I am awaiting the arrival of a messenger to summon me to the Princess Nezzle; and I hesitate to go, for danger—perhaps death—lurks in the path over which she would send me!"

"And is there no way to avoid it?" asked El Warda, anxiously. "Cannot the Consul-General aid us? Better far trust him, than that wicked woman."

"The Consul-General has gone," Daoud answered. "Else had Abbas never dared to seize thy brother. His successor is a man of feeble mind and body, who will take no steps to aid us."

"Then you think this evil woman is our last hope?" asked the girl, tremblingly.

"I do!" responded Daoud; "and I will go—upon one condition only? Promise me, that if

I come back successful—if I save both Askaros and his wife!—that thou wilt be mine thenceforth for ever! to guide my earthly labors, and fit my soul for eternity. Wilt thou give me this promise?"

"I cannot! I cannot!" cried El Warda, wringing her hands in despair. "It is unkind, it is cruel of you, Daoud, to ask it at such a time! to make my love the price of your action! If you would keep my esteem, do not drive a bargain with me; but depend on my gratitude afterward!"

"Then will I stir no step!" answered the Syrian, sullenly; "for I believe I go to rescue my rival and my enemy: since thou wilt not give the promise. It is useless to urge me further. I will not go! All that a man may reasonably do for his sister, will I do for thee; but I will not risk my life for less than this hope I have named—which looks more shadowy now than ever."

"And is this resolve final?" asked El Warda, suddenly, drying her tears as she spoke.

"As final as destiny!" was the cold answer.

"Then hear me!" she rejoined, drawing up her form, assuming an expression of determination Daoud had never seen upon her face before. "Then hear me! If there be no other means left to save them, but at the price of myself, I will pay that! But mark me, Daoud-ben-Yousouf, man selfish to the core! Even now I cannot lie to thee, and say that with my hand I will then give thee my heart; nay, nor even as much of it as I could have accorded thee a few seconds back, ere thou didst seek to bargain with the sister for the brother's blood! May Sitta Mariam pardon me for the sin, into which my desperation and thy cruelty drive me!"

The sullen gloom passed from the Syrian's brow as she spoke; and the scorn of her last words fell unheeded on his ear, which drank in greedily her promise; and he clutched at it, as a drowning man does at a plank which is to float him to shore.

"And thou promisest?" he cried. "Swear it by Sitta Mariam, and I go to the princess, to bring back those whom thou lovest—better, I fear, than thou dost poor Daoud, whom thou mayest yet learn to love as he loves thee!—either to bring them back or never to return!"

"I take no oaths!" El Warda said. "They are sinful. But I say to thee on my word, which thou knowest is sacred, that when thou shalt return, having done the things thou hast promised, I will place my hand in thine, and say unto thee as Ruth said unto Naomi: 'Whither thou goest, thence will I go; thy country shall be my country, and thy God my God. And may God do so unto me and mine, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

"Enough! enough!" cried the Syrian, wild with joy. "I need no other pledge from lips, on which truth ever sits enthroned. Mine thou art, or shalt be; and the powers of earth and hell shall not prevail against me!"

"Beware, rash man!" answered the girl; "and offend not Heaven in such impious profanity, as to weigh the decrees of Providence in the balance of thy passion and pride! Beware a judgment! for is it not written 'After death cometh judgment'? And thou art not prepared to die. Farewell! I linger no longer here; for thou hast raised up a barrier between us. Hereafter I either shall never look upon thy face again, or—submitting to the doom I have taken on my own head—will keep my promise!"

Then waving back the Syrian, who sought to take her hand, and dropping her veil, after casting a look of reproachful pity on her companion, she rapidly left the room, with a sign to Daoud not to follow her; passed down the steps and out of his house; and her slight figure was soon lost to his straining eyes as she passed into the Ezbekieh.

"I have won her at last!" he cried, in fierce exultation. "Mine she shall be, in spite of Seltan and his servant Abbas! She will learn to love me soon enough, when she sees the depth of my devotion. The clouds of my life are over! Now comes the sunshine. And how will I bask in its beams—all the brighter for past eclipse!"

As he raved thus, in the first intoxication of his success, a shadow fell upon him, as a dark body passed between him and the window, through which the sunlight streamed. He looked up, and saw the eunuch of the Khanum, who spoke no word, but saluted in silence, and pointed to the door.

"I am ready!" cried the Syrian, responding to the mute appeal. "Lead on, I follow."

The black turned, and passed down the steps. Suddenly he stopped as he reached the door, and turning to the young man, with a softened and more human expression in his face than Daoud had seen on it before, said:

"Life is sweet to the young. The Khanum values not the lives of men. Thy mission I can see means danger—perhaps death. Be warned in time, and go not! Small cause have I to pity men; but thou art a boy, and I do pity thee. Once in the Khanum's hands, thy term of being will be as brief as the ripened fruit on yonder date tree lasts. Whether she sends for thee in love or hate; to make a favorite or a tool of thee: it will be the same. Let me then return alone, and Allah will find one good record made for me in the Book of Life!"

Surprise kept the Syrian mute a second; but even this unexpected interposition did not shake his resolve, which was now as adamant.

"I thank thee from my heart for thy warning," he said. "But go I must; I have no choice—lead on!"

The eunuch shook his head, but said no more. Both mounted fleet horses ready for them, and within a few minutes Daoud-ben-Yousouf stood a second time in the presence of the Princess Nezzle-Khanum.

"The hour is come, and awaits only the man!" she said. "Art thou still willing to obey my orders, though they lead to what I said when last I saw thee?"

"Great Khanum, I am!" the Syrian answered, calmly.

"Peki! behold thy companion."
She clapped her hands, and a young-looking but powerful Georgian, with fair complexion, and blue eyes, magnificently attired in the gorgeous costume of a Mameluke, entered the room and prostrated himself before the princess.

"All, this is thy companion?" she said to him in Turkish. "Him thou art to obey in all things, even of life and death. Dost thou comprehend? For if thou faltest, my ire will consume thee!"

"Be chezum!" (On my eyes be it), was the response, with another reverence.

"Come thou with me," she said to the Syrian: "I will give thee thine instructions. On thine own courage must depend the rest."

Half an hour later, Daoud-ben-Youssef, clad in a rich costume, similar to that worn by the Georgian—and so thoroughly disguised his most intimate friend would not have known him—was mounted on a fleet steed, and accompanying the eunuch and the Georgian Mameluke, Ali, toward the Bab-el-Nazr, whence they all passed out upon the Desert.

But as she dismissed him, Nezie had held up her finger warningly to the Syrian, and said:

"Recollect all my instructions, and fulfill them to the letter! And remember," she added, with an ugly look of meaning in her eyes—"remember that thou returnest to me—alone!"

WAS SHE MARRIED?—YES.— WHEN?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAS IT A GHOST?"

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

FOLLOW we the hunter, Frank Davis.

Satisfied with his shout of defiance, and cogitating in his honest pate the best course he should pursue to reach in time the place where he was to meet his eccentric friend, he gained the fording-place of Ogden Creek, and forthwith dashed into the shallow channel, and reaching the opposite bank, he struck a trail, and mingled his horse's tracks in the uncouth footprints that served him as a guide. His course lay to the west, and he soon commenced to ascend the pass that divided the valley of Ogden's Creek, or Ogden's Hole (as it is called in that country), from the valley of the Salt Lake. The first four or five hundred yards were abrupt and rocky, and on each side the cliffs rose in frowning grandeur to the height of eight hundred or a thousand feet. To the casual traveler, or, indeed, to those of larger experience, this pass seemed to be hemmed in completely by the flinty barriers that drew close over it, as if nature had relinquished the right of way with a stubborn and half-repenting will; but to the long-practiced hunter, there were places of departure from the main thoroughfare by which the summit of the cliffs could be reached. The trail he had started upon went on, sometimes as if a huge bear had traversed the path, and then as if it had pawed and rested upon its haunches, and after that it kept a straight course directly up the pass, as if confident of the absence of all danger.

"He's a bold one," said the hunter to himself; and then to his horse, "Look here, Thunderbolt, right under your nose, and say, is that devil track or bear track? Look down, old fellow, and make it out if you can. You're wise enough for a human critter, but you can't come up to that dodge; now ain't that nat'ral, old horse? You never saw anything to beat that—not even me. Step right in that track there, and show 'em you're a smart hoss, any way they can fix it. That's it; human nature couldn't beat that. Dang my skin if I don't believe the horse knows every word I am saying to it! Look round here, old fellow, and say something!"

Queer enough, the horse turned his head, induced by that genial law of heaven which dictates to this mute intelligence the recognition of musical sympathy in the voice that speaks. Those animals that hover around the habitations of man, and are his companions and his servants, are governed and soothed in the long loneliness of their unlanguage lives by those verbal articulations that sound to them replete with as much consolation as did (oh, there is no idleness of thought in this) the God-man on the mount, when He spoke His parable to men.

The tracks in the snow now became more confused, and could be observed over an area of forty or fifty feet. A complete ring was formed in this way, and in the centre there was a mark, as if some one had thrown himself upon the ground, or been thrown with violence, and from that point the surface of snow appeared to have been dragged over, and ended in complete confusion. But it was not complete confusion to Frank Davis, for in all these movements and turns he could perceive a sensible intention, and a wise specimen of the craft of the wilderness; and it was no difficult task for him, however impossible to another, to unravel the mysterious thread and to follow its lead through all its eccentric indications.

"They'll follow this trail certain," he commenced, "and I'm going to put a spoke in their wheel, too. By Jingo! won't old Brimstone storm when he comes to this eddy? They can't see which way the trail turns any more than they'd see bubbles on the cataract without the moon, when they get into the cañon. Keep quiet if you please, one minute, Mr. Thunderbolt, till I make up my mind what's the right thing to be done this time of day. Was that you snoring, old chap? Certain they're on the trail already, for that was horse noise anyhow I heard down in the hollow. No, 'tisn't either, but I thought it was; and yet it may be after all. Now, Thunderbolt, old man, I'm just going to give you a chance to show off a little bit.

Maybe some of the Ingins are lookin' at you, and would like to buy you if you do just what I want you to do. D'ye see that thing in the rocks that looks pretty much like a door to one of them tents where they have the menagerie down at St. Louis? You've been there and seen the elephant, and didn't like him much, if I remember. Well, now, just look sharp, and when I give the word, make a clean jump—you've done better chasing cows—and light me on t'other side of that young ditch you see yonder."

He patted his horse upon the neck, he heard the bit rattle in his mouth, and measuring the long leap he wished him to take, he turned him away from the spot in order to gain an impetus, and then, with a singularly expressive word, he drove the animal to the task, and away he went with a deer-like leap, clearing with ease the prodigious gap, and landing the tranquil and satisfied Mr. Davis upon the deserted bank. Stopping there a moment, he turned to survey the pass he had left, and, to all appearance, there was no sign of pursuit as yet. From where the tracks were scattered in disarray, in the middle of the road to the narrow bank to which the powerful and practiced steed had leaped, there was no sign to indicate that any one who had stopped there had gone either to the right or left or forward, and no other conclusion could be reached than that the back track had been taken, over the first trail, or a flight ventured into the sky.

Only for an instant did the hunter pause, and then, like the trick of a harlequin, he disappeared behind the rocky screen. There was no sign of him, or anything that lived, on all the desolate road, and no noise came out of the dumb air to give evidence that a human being was present. But this pause was of short duration, for Davis reappeared with a rock of considerable weight in his brawny arms, which he placed over the spot where his horse had landed, with his feet all drawn close together, and he brushed the snow about, taking care to efface all signs of hoof-marks; and having accomplished that to his satisfaction, he gave the granite boulder a push, and it rolled down the bank and safely landed at the bottom of the gully.

"That looks nat'ral like, too, and if the villains think best to examine it, they will find it done up to order, regardless of expense," after saying which Mr. Davis disappeared once more, and in a place closely hemmed in from observation, remounted his horse, and gazed up a steep but not impossible path. As he did so he could not refrain from a hearty laugh, for on the very brink of the precipice above him sat a huge bear with one leg crossed over the other, reading a newspaper.

"Come up," cried the bear.

"Hurrah for you!" exclaimed Davis, in a voice sufficiently pitched to reach the ears of Bruin, but not loud enough to attract the notice of any one who might by chance be traveling along the pass. In a few moments Davis stood beside the bear, who retained his easy sitting attitude, still holding the newspaper in his paw.

"What news, colonel? Is General Washington President, and is there anything about the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown? Come, speak out, old black coat, and tell us all about it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE bear quietly raised one of his paws to his head, and presto! Mr. Davis had the extreme felicity of seeing the very handsome face of the colonel, beaming with a pleasant smile. Mr. Davis was not at all surprised to find his friend in so singular a costume.

"I would rather hear the news from you, Davis," said the quondam bear, "and have been waiting here in order to get it. Was everything quiet in the camp when you left?"

Davis related everything that had occurred, and as that is in possession already of the reader, we will not follow him with our comments, but take up the story with the remarks of his companion.

"He has been following me for a week or more, and I threw him out last night, but he will renew the game. There seems to be a madness in his pursuit of me, or a fatality that is to lead to something of paramount importance in this business. Depend upon it, he will be upon my trail before an hour has passed by, and you must take a circuit through the pass on the other side, and rejoin your party. Tell my friends not to be alarmed, that everything will be right in the end, and I have no apprehension of his overtaking me until I want him to do so. But hark! that's the sound of horse's hoofs striking on the road where the snow has been swept away by the wind of last night. It is some one bound for the city, and he rides rapidly too. Hush! he is alone." And they listened to the sounds that came up from the entrance of the gorge or pass, up which we have so lately watched the progress of our friend Frank Davis. By moving a few feet nearer the brow of the great barrier that walled in the defile, a full view could be had of any one approaching either up or down the road.

Davis, obeying a sign from his companion, they simultaneously drew themselves to the brink, where, though commanding a view of everything in the pathway, they were themselves entirely concealed from observation. The sounds drew nearer, and then a single horseman was seen urging his way up the path. Immediately below the point where our friends had taken their position the ascent was steep, and the rider drew rein to breathe his horse, and in doing so he gave himself a better chance to examine the trail left by our two friends. Evidently he was greatly puzzled with his examination, and when he came to the spot where Davis had stopped his course, and whence he had taken his leap, the traveler stopped too, and so curious was he about the confused and extraordinary signs that appeared on all sides, that he alit to examine them closely. He never lifted his eyes from the snow, so involved was he in his scrutiny, and the watchers

from the cliff had ample opportunity to observe his movements.

"By thunder," whispered Davis, "it's one of them rascals that came in with the Mormons this morning, and he's on some devil's dodge now, that's certain. Look there, colonel, he's dropped a piece of paper out of his breast-pocket, and just listen."

In the air, so still and calm, sounds ascending became doubly distinct, and they heard the Mormon, who, finding that he had dropped the paper as he bent over to examine the foot-prints, say:

"It's lucky I didn't lose that love letter, anyhow, for the big devil would have found it here, and given me particular fits. I wonder what he is writing about to Brigham? There isn't too bigger scamps in all creation than this Brownlough and Brigham, and I wish I was out of the gang anyway; I'm tired of the whole business, and though I've got an ugly mug from that infernal smallpox, I ain't got an ugly heart, anyhow. Now, if I could read, I'd find out the trick; but I can't, and it's no use talking about it. Better leave these tracks alone, and go straight on. Brownlough will be here pretty soon, and he'll rave about 'em, but he'll know my horse's tracks, and that's all right." Something else he muttered to himself, but it was not heard by the anxious and surprised listeners.

At the beginning of the foregoing colloquy the colonel whispered a few words to Davis, and the latter took a wrapper from the lock of his rifle, and examined the cap. He then extended the barrel very quickly over the edge of the precipice—from below it would look like a blade of grass growing from a crevice in the rock, if seen at all—and by the time the Mormon had taken his seat in the saddle, and was ready to renew his journey, the hunter had his finger upon the trigger. The bear, meantime, had renewed his head-gear, and was quietly, yet swiftly descending the secret path by which they had ascended; but before he left the cliff he whispered another word or so to Davis, who replied:

"All right, colonel."

Davis's finger was upon the trigger, and as the Mormon tightened the reins over his horse's neck, a small jet of smoke gleamed from the overhanging barrier, and a sharp report pierced the silence of the scene. Quick upon the report the horse gave a plunge, and then dashed at furious speed up the rocky gorge, leaving his rider stretched upon the snow. For an instant a thousand sparks of fire flashed in the prostrate Mormon's eyes, and when he could see clearly, he was startled by a huge black figure standing over him, that, to his imagination, looked as if he might be the very fiend of the solitude.

"That was a good shot," said the monster, "and only one man out here could do it, and here he comes to help you out of your trouble. Get up and come with us. You are not hurt; only your bridle was shot, and you lost control of your horse, who threw you, and stunned you a little." While he spoke, Davis joined the group, and looked down at the bewildered Mormon. "Take that note out of his pocket, Master Frank," continued the demon, "and let me read it while you help this good fellow out of the snow, and show him the way upstairs. No resistance, my friend, for if you make the slightest noise or resist in the least, this little instrument will not be so kind-hearted as my friend's rifle." And the huge paw held forth the finest specimen of the revolver genus that had ever swallowed powder in that section of the country.

Davis took the note, and handed it to the colonel, and then he helped the Mormon to his feet.

"Come on, and no harm will happen to you, but be silent."

Seeing there was no escape from two such powerful keepers, and startled at the spectacle of a huge bear standing on his hind legs, with a Colt's revolver in one paw and Mr. Brownlough's note in the other, the Mormon had nothing left him but to do as he was directed. They passed over the same ground by which Davis had pushed his horse to the leap.

"You'll spile the snow, colonel," said Davis, as they advanced to the ditch that separated them from the narrow defile where the hunter's horse stood, concealed and silent.

"No matter now; we will make things all right in a little while; I only want to see what's in this note, and then you must hurry back to camp. This fellow and I will make friends; or if we don't, why, we can part company, and he can go wherever he likes. I can manage for myself, by myself."

They entered now a secret path that Davis had not chosen to follow, preferring the trick of the leap, and when once within the recess, the colonel read Mr. Brownlough's note.

"Take this and give it to —" His voice sank to a whisper, and whatever the residue of the commission might have been, the hunter was only prompted to reply to it in a few words.

"To-morrow, colonel, or this evening, I will see you; good-by, gentlemen." And with a leap he was upon Thunderbolt, passed through the opening, and leaping the gully, to show off the qualities of his horse it is to be supposed, he started at full sweep down the road, saying to himself: "If I meet the gang, I can humbug them, or, anyhow, they're no right to stop a hunter," and onward he sped, dashing full tilt for the camp of the travelers.

"We are men together," commenced the colonel, as with a quick motion he disrobed himself of his huge disguise, and presented to the astonished Mormon the form of a young and very powerful man; "and this business you were on is worse than the devils themselves dream of. You did not know what was in that note, for I heard you when you talked to yourself in the road, before my friend cut your bridle, and you said something more that makes me think we can be friends, and help each other. Don't put your hands near your belt, for if you do—and I don't want to do it—I

will use this pistol before you move your fingers one half inch."

"I only moved my fingers, sir, to give you up my weapons. I don't want to have anything more to do with them. I'm sick enough of them, and I ain't a Mormon either, but an emigrant to California; but they caught me in the snow, and forced me to join them, and I haven't had a chance to get away from 'em till now. On the word of a poor man, but an honest one, this is the first time I've been out with 'em, and it's goin' to be the last, if you say so; for that matter, whether you say so or not."

"You're a good fellow, but we must get away from this. Turn down that path, and go on till you find what you never could have expected to find among these rocks. You go ahead. We are strangers, and I'd rather have you go first."

The man obeyed, for there was that in the other's voice which forbade resistance, had he desired to make it, which he did not, and a something so noble and manly in his face that any one could see there was no guile or deceit in him either. They had not proceeded far before they came to a secluded place of shelter—the end, it might be, of a short cañon, that by a sharp turn debouched into an extensive plateau, whence there was an easier egress to the neighboring plains than was commonly known to the travelers and hunters of that new route, for only since the Mormons had settled at Utah had this section been much frequented, if at all, by emigrants, and the trappers and hunters, as a general thing, had abandoned it. A few lingered amid its craggy solitudes, but the buffalo had found greener grazing grounds, and the beaver here had long since become a thing of tradition.

CHAPTER IX.

"THIS, my friend, is a safe place for a man who has a Danite at his heels, and that large stone by which we have just passed is a nice bridge over that gully that divides us now from the path we have just left. Look over and see how deep it is. Do you think brother Brownlough would try to cross it if the bridge was broken?"

The Mormon's messenger gazed into the chasm, and drawing back, assented to the impossibility of Brownlough's crossing it, in the contingency suggested by his captor.

"Then he won't cross it, though he will try it before many minutes are over our heads; but I am not so careless as to leave so convenient a thing as that for his benefit. You shall see."

He then took from his pocket a lucifer match, and bade his companion move further on and get beneath the shelving rock, that formed a porch to the place of concealment we have alluded to.

He then lit the match, and removing the snow from a spot about ten feet from the nearer end of the slab, applied it to a hidden train, after which he retreated to the place whence the other was watching his proceedings. A few moments of profound silence, followed by a loud explosion, and the fragments of the bridge were scattered in the air, leaving a space across which no one could pass, unless provided with timbers sufficiently long to span the fathomless abyss.

The man looked in mute astonishment and admiration at his companion, who, without further notice of the event, proceeded to make other arrangements for the emergencies of his situation.

In a place sheltered from the winds and snow, they found two horses, who stood with flanks quivering and eyes flashing with affright at the loud report of the near explosion; but a few soothing words from their master soon pacified them, and they welcomed his presence with evident tokens of delight.

"I have to keep two for the long and quick runs I have to make, and it is well they are both here now, for you can mount one; but first give me your word that you will keep with me until I say you are at liberty to go. No harm shall happen to you, depend on that, for I will have friends here in a few days, who will not only protect us, but punish those ruffians who are defying justice, and plotting at this moment the grossest outrage. It is lucky for you that you are away from them. There, take that black horse; he is good-tempered, and would follow my gray to the furthest ends of the world, if I bade him."

The man was speedily upon the black. He said:

"Colonel, I thank God I met you, and I'll be true as steel to you. I know now it was you we've been following this whole week, and Brownlough thinks you are a fiend sent to worry him; and the fact is, I thought as much myself a little while ago."

"We will see who is the fiend, and who is not, in this business, and Brownlough's got a heavy account to settle with me; but let us get on, however. Pray tell me your name?"

"Richards—George Richards, and might I be so bold as to ask what your name is, colonel?"

"The man who shot your bridle, and scared your horse and gave you that tumble, calls me 'Colonel,' and Brownlough, you say, calls me the fiend. You can call me either; but come, let's be moving, Richards. Follow me now, if you please."

As they rode down the narrow vale, or gorge, the man on the gray horse was the first to resume the conversation.

"That mine will do us good service, for it will stop Brownlough at the very instant when he thinks he has me in my own trap. It was the work of yesterday, for I was certain that sooner or later I would be tracked to my hiding-place. I have been there three days only, and I was determined to be prepared. There is another mine on the other side of the chasm, so I was safe in any event. Turn sharply to your right, for there is a gully a thousand feet deep round the corner of that rock, and unless you know the road, you might make an attempt to get to the bottom. Now you are all right, and we will dash on briskly for a mile,



RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH, AT DUXBURY, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 366.

when we will turn almost upon our tracks. See this guide," and he drew from his pocket a small map, exquisitely drawn, and full of the most minute details. It was, in fact, a present from one of the officers under Captain Standish, who had surveyed, with great exactness, the various localities of the country, when that officer, some few years previous, had been directed by the Government to make a topographical survey of the lakes and regions of the Great Salt Lake Basin. "This, with my friend who has just left us, and my pocket-compass, are my sure and unerring guides, and by them I have been enabled to make short cuts that Brownlough, with all his experience, never dreamt of."

On his return to camp, Davis was not so absorbed in thought as to leave unobserved the approach of four horsemen in the distance, and recognizing them. Gradually the two parties drew nearer, to each other, and when arrived within speaking distance, the song ceased on the hunter's lips, and he slyly ran his thumb and forefinger down to the lock of his rifle.

It was Mr. Brownlough himself, with lowering brow, that opened the colloquy.

"Didn't I see you in the camp over yonder, this morning, stranger?"

"You've got a wonderful good memory to keep a little fellow like me in your mind for so long a time, and I'm proud to see you again, sir. The road's good deal tramped on about here, and more so further ahead. I never see anything like the bear tracks as there is up in the Ogden Pass; they're all round and cross-ways, and looks as if there'd been a dozen bears and horses fighting or dancing together. I met a gentleman just after I passed the place, and he said he never see anything equal to it, and he wished you and his friends was there to give chase to the critters, for he hadn't any time to stop, and he pushed on ahead, as if Old Harry Scratch was after him. A mighty nice horse he's got, anyhow, and if we'd had time to spare, we might have swapped saddles, but he pushed straight forward, carrying Uncle Sam's mail, he said, to the Saints. He didn't say he had any letter for me or my family, and I never asked him, but it's all the same, I'll get 'em when I get home."

"So you are going to Salt Lake, with Mr. Atwood, I suppose?"

"That's so; and I'm going to turn Mormon, and be a Saint, and carry on with—"

"Stop your infernal nonsense," exclaimed Brownlough, and with an angry oath, he dashed forward, with eyes bent on the confused tracks, amid which he could distinguish, every now and then, footprints of a bear, and his men followed him in the pursuit with the instinct and passion of nobler animals.

Davis turned in his saddle to watch them, and felt inclined to sound again that cry which

had so startled the Mormon chief, but he thought better of it, and with increased pace, pursued his way to the halting-place of the travelers.

THE AVA GHOST.

As we all sat round the fire the first evening after my arrival at Ava, Harry Vivien said to me: "By-the-by, I don't think I ever asked how you slept last night?"

Now, I was rather surprised at his question. True, I had never staid there before, for,

"but remember, don't come to me for pity if any of you sleep badly."

"Certainly not!" said Hugh, the second son. "Catch me sleeping badly. Go it, Harry, old fellow; I back you to invent bogies against any one!"

"Invent!" growled Harry; "I tell it to you as 'twas told to me; and if you won't believe—well, it's no fault of mine. Put out the lamp, Tom; I can't talk of ghosts in the light."

Tom—an urchin of eleven—did as he was desired, and that troublesome Harry having pulled my chair into what he considered a com-

"Well, you must know that this morning I took an enormous dose of Hallam, and fearing it might injure my delicate constitution, I determined to go out and recruit my shattered forces with a cigar. I went down to the stile at the end of the long meadow, and was sitting there very contentedly, when old John Fry came by."

"Well, Master Harry," he said, "how be you, sir, and all the family?"

"Quite well, thank you," I answered, "and how are the rheumatics?"

"There was a general peal of laughter."

"How did you know he had the rheumatics, Harry?" said his father.

"Hullo, father! I did not know you were awake! Oh, I guessed it. However, he said, 'Pretty well,' and we talked some time. At last he said, 'And you ain't seen any queer sights, nor heard any rampagous noises up yonder?'"

"I told him none that I had heard of, and asked whether there were any ghost-stories connected with this house."

"Lor, bless you, yes, sir! In your great-grandfeyther's time not a man or a woman durst go about the house at midnight. But I can't go on with his dialect, so you must have the story in my own language; they are all more less connected with the chapel behind the house, and the bedroom which opened into it. The house, or at least part of it, is very old; the foundation dates as far back as Henry III., and the owner at that time was Sir Thomas Legh. Sir Thomas was a valiant soldier, and a loyal subject, so he was chosen to conduct an embassy to one of the foreign courts. Now the knight had a young wife whom he wanted to take with him; but the king forbade it, so poor Maude remained at home, and night after night she prayed for her absent lord before the chapel altar. At last the news came that Sir Thomas had been thrown into prison, and was in danger of death. So Lady Maude went up to the town to petition the king to save him; and when he promised, she returned to her home, and spent her days in praying for Sir Thomas. But months and months passed, and no news came, and at last only the worst. Sir Thomas was dead; and when his widow heard it, she put on her widow's weeds, and went as of old to the chapel. Her attendants saw her kneel as usual before the altar, and left her alone with her deep grief. She never rose up again. When they returned to seek her she was dead. But they say that her ghost still wanders about the chapel, and may often be seen kneeling before the altar, dressed in black. It is considered a sign of coming grief to the beholder, and old John declares that Aunt Margaret saw it before Uncle Arthur's death."



JOHN B. DAMELL, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 366.

though I knew the Vivien well, Harry's father had only succeeded to the property a few months before this my first visit to Ava; yet I always did sleep like a top, and why should last night be an exception to the general rule? So I answered in a perplexed tone:

"I slept very well—rather better than usual, in fact, for I was very tired."

"Did you see or hear anything particular?"

"No. Why should I see or hear? Is the house supposed to be haunted?"

"Of course it is! I believe there are ghosts from the cellars to the attics."

"Now, Harry, I won't have you frightening Beatrice with horrors; she won't sleep all night," said his mother.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Vivien," I urged, "I am so fond of ghost stories, and not at all nervous."

"Please do, mamma," said Helen, seconding me; and the rest of the party chimed in with a chorus of "Please do!"

"Well, if you wish it," said easy Mrs. Vivien;

fortable position (by which I suppose he meant the seat next himself, for he is very conceited), and fetched me a footstool, silenced some grumblings of the girls at their enforced idleness with:

"It's a good trial of patience, and I'm sure you all work too much, poking bits of steel in and out, for no earthly use that I can see. Besides, I can't tell ghost-stories excepting by fire-light."

By which you may guess that he knew very little about what was what; and that he was terribly spoilt by his sisters.

He crossed one leg over the other in his usual style, threw himself lazily back in his arm-chair, and with a mischievous twinkle in his handsome brown eyes, began:

"First of all I must urge implicit faith on my admiring audience. It is essential to the enjoyment of ghost-stories."

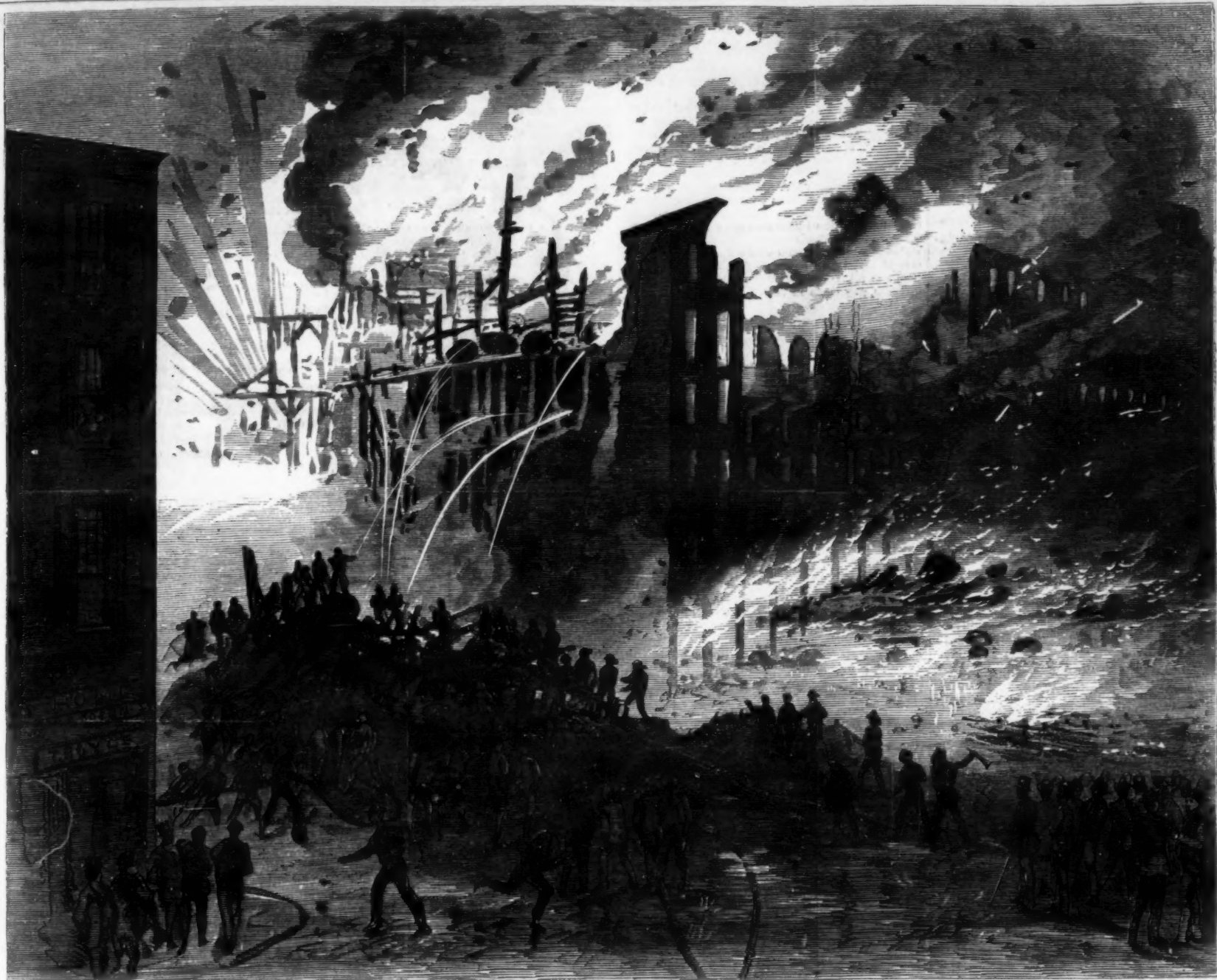
"Certainly," said Ethel; "but how did you hear them yourself, Harry?"



CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 366.



REV. THOMAS C. GRIFFITH, PASTOR CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 366.



DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 4TH—BURNING OF THE UNITED STATES BONDED WAREHOUSE ON LOMBARD STREET, CONTAINING 30,000 BARRELS OF WHISKY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 366.

"I have heard her say the same," said Mr. Vivien; "but she had been very anxious about him for some time, and perhaps had heard this tradition; so we must put down something to imagination."

"Well, Harry, what was the other tale?" said Helen.

"There were two more, but I can't remember the middle one, so must go on to the end. In the time of Charles, the house belonged to Sir Arthur Gwynne, the generation of the Leghs being extinct. He was a staunch cavalier, and noted among the late king's adherents. Now in his youth he had a great friend, Henry Vere. They had been at school together, and at the same college; but at the beginning of the civil war their politics proved different. Each went his own way, and for years they did not meet. At last, after the fatal battle of Naseby, as Sir Arthur strode over the bodies of the dead, in an attempt to rally his men, his eye fell upon one already stiff in death. It was Henry Vere in the dress of a Puritan divine. Even in the tumult Sir Arthur stopped to see if he could render any help. It was too late; his friend was dead.

"When the troops dispersed he went to Ava, and after travelling several days, reached it about nightfall, and, wearied with his exertions, threw himself on his bed in his clothes. It was in the room which had belonged to Lady Maude, adjoining the chapel; but he was no believer in ghosts, and too weary to think. He fell asleep, but soon awoke, with what my informant called 'an awful growing,' by which, I suppose, we may understand, 'a creeping sensation.'

"He looked up. At the foot of the bed stood the figure of his dead friend, waving his hand with an impatient gesture. Sir Arthur persuaded himself it was all imagination, and, the figure vanishing, he fell asleep, but soon awoke; there stood the spirit as before, and clasped its hands in an attitude of supplication; he still disbelieved, and fell asleep. When he next awoke it had moved, and, standing beside

him, said, in a hollow voice, 'Fly, ere it be too late!' The knight sprang up, and, unbolting the casement, listened. There was a sound in the distance; nearer and nearer it came, still nearer—the tramp of horses. Hastily he unfastened the chapel door, and, descending the staircase, gained a wood near the house, and, concealing himself, watched for the new comers. As they approached the house he distin-

guished the heavy dress of the Parliamentary troop by the light of the moon. Had he delayed another minute he could not have escaped. As it was, he reached the shore in safety, and after a time fled to France, though with difficulty, on account of the vigilant watch kept by the Roundheads on every vessel. Ava was nearly destroyed."

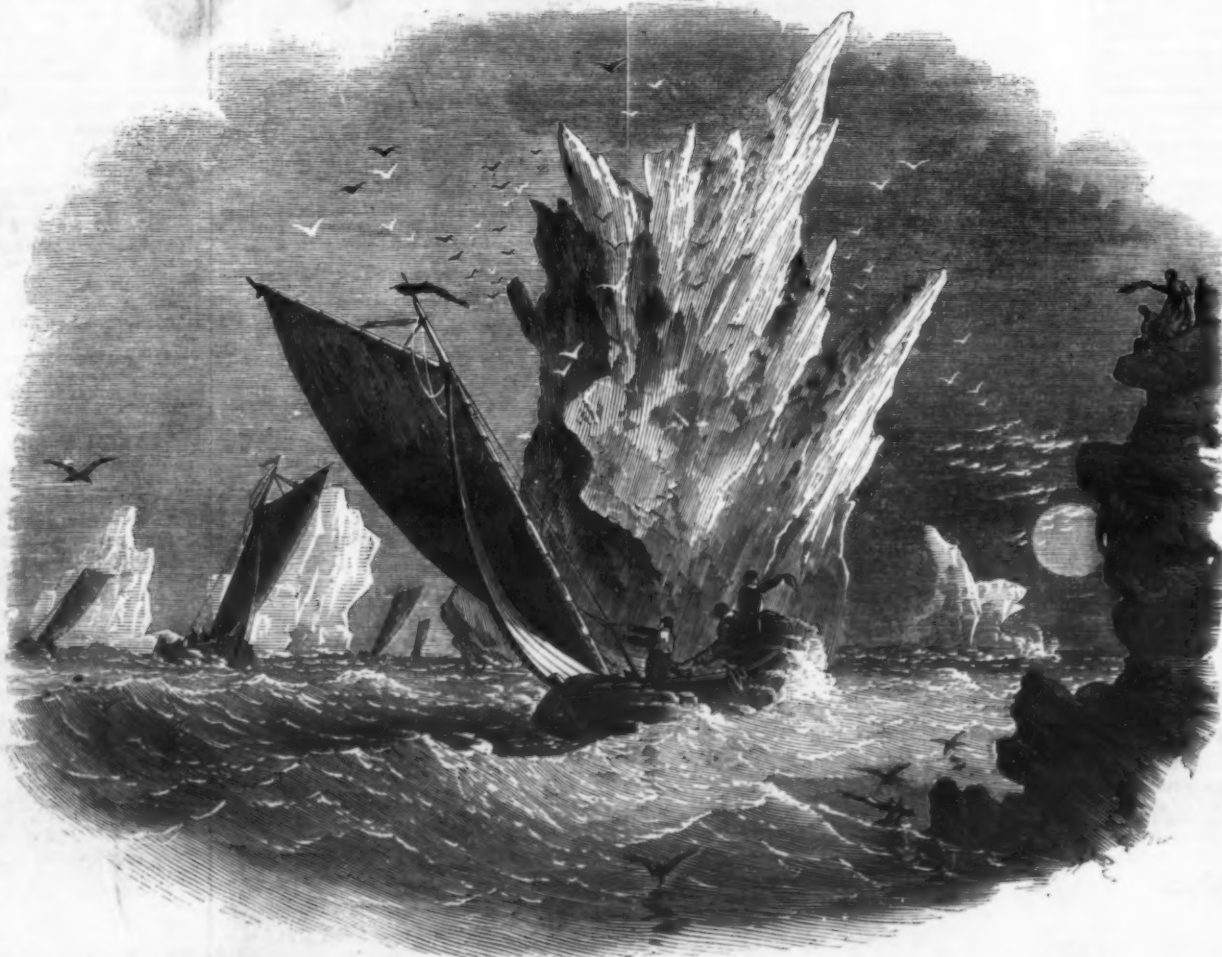
"Prayers!" announced the butler, coming into the room as the story reached this happy conclusion. As we crossed the hall on our way to the dining-room, Harry said to me:

"How astonished old Fudge must have been at finding us in the dark; he will put double oil and wick to the lamp to-morrow."

We went up to our rooms almost directly after prayers, with many injunctions not to dream of ghosts, and a promise that on the following day I should see the chapel.

Helen remained talking. After she had left I sat for a long time occupied with pleasant thoughts. The realization of a day-dream of many years' standing seemed at hand, for as I came up-stairs Harry had whispered something to me which had made me very happy, so I brushed my hair lazily, and made pictures out of the blazing coal.

Suddenly a clock (which I supposed must belong to the chapel) struck twelve; scarcely had the sounds died away when I heard a noise behind me, then another and another, to my idea resembling human groans; considerably startled, I looked over my right shoulder. Fancy my feelings! I saw advancing toward me the figure of the Puritan divine in flowing robes, with arms outspread in



AN AUGUST DAY IN TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 366.

the act of benediction. I slid somehow out of the chair, and buried my face in my hands, with difficulty suppressing a scream. At last I summoned courage to look up from the cushions in which my head was hidden; the figure had vanished.

At that moment I heard steps coming along the passage, and Helen's voice said:

"May I come in?"
"Oh, please!" I almost gasped.
"My dear child, what is the matter?" she exclaimed. "I came to ask whether you would have a night-light, and here you are as white as a sheet, and looking frightened out of your wits; what has happened?"

"I told her," she said; "it must be imagination; let us hunt for this unquiet spirit."

However, all our search in the direction where it had appeared to me was useless; we looked under the bed in vain. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Look there!" The mystery was solved. At my left hand, as I sat with my face to the fire, stood a large wardrobe; I had hung my dark morning-dress on a peg inside one of the doors. Opposite the wardrobe, and therefore at my right hand, stood a cheval-glass. The reverberation produced by the striking of the clock had loosened the wardrobe-door; as it flew open I had looked the other way, and the full sleeves of the dress flying out had taken in the looking-glass the appearance of a figure in the act of benediction; my ghost was nothing but a shadow.

How Helen and I laughed over it! but I must say I was rather ashamed of myself, and though Harry gave me full absolution next day, and even pitied me, I can never hear them speak of "the Ava Ghost" without a qualm of conscience; the foundation of the house alone claimed the glory of such antiquity, and the chapel was almost a myth; at least there was nothing left but part of the wall at the east end, which Harry showed me next morning.

"Not so bad for a beginner," he says, leaning over my shoulder, and very improperly reading my writing; "but you need not have made your husband such a muff!"

Ruins of the House and Well of Captain Standish.

The selection of Duxbury, Mass., as the American terminus of the French Atlantic Cable, has redeemed that place from its comparative obscurity, and, as a natural consequence, the legends of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, associated with the locality, are recalled to mind. Captain's Hill, so called in memory of Captain Miles Standish, is a high bluff overlooking Plymouth, Duxbury and the surrounding country, and at its base can be seen the ruins of the captain's house, and the old well which the stern Puritan soldier constructed. The well is filled up with dirt and sand, washed in by frequent rains, and the house is no more than a heap of rubbish; still the fireplace can be distinctly seen, and many visitors linger around the old spot consecrated by its association with the first days of New England's history.

John S. Damrell, Chief Engineer of the Boston Fire Department.

The Fire Department of the City of Boston was never in a higher state of efficiency than it is at this time, and much of this is due to the persevering efforts and the administrative ability of Mr. Damrell, its chief. Mr. Damrell is a native of Boston, born at the North End, June 23, 1829, and took naturally, as one might say, to the "machine;" one relative, William Damrell, since a member of Congress, having been foreman of No. 13, in old times; another, Elbridge, of No. 20, and others having held other positions. At the early age of seven, he was left an orphan. His education was received at the old Bennett School, under Mr. Walker, and at a school in Harvard street, Cambridge, under Mr. Magown. In his teens he became a carpenter's assistant; at seventeen he joined the old hand-engine Hero, No. 6, in Devine street, and has ever since been a fireman. In his apprenticeship he was temperate, frugal, and of good moral habits, and at twenty-one found himself in the possession of several thousand dollars, the result of his own earnings.

With this capital Mr. Damrell entered into business as a builder and contractor, and has therein acquired a fine competence. In the meantime he had, on the disbandment of Hero, joined hand-engine Cataract, No. 4, located in Charles street, and in 1856 was its foreman. In 1857 he was chosen a member of the City Council, from Ward 6; and in 1858 was elected one of the assistant-engineers of the Boston Fire Department, which position he held till he was elected Chief-Engineer in 1866. Mr. Damrell was also in the military, and at one time was chosen a commissioned officer of a rifle corps, commanded by Major Champney, but declined the honor.

For his personal character Mr. Damrell is everywhere respected. For eight years he has been Superintendent of the Methodist Church Sabbath-school of Grace Church, Temple street. During the war he rendered efficient service as a recruiting officer, having succeeded in placing on the rolls of Massachusetts from 1,800 to 1,900 men, and he also was charged with an important mission to Washington in behalf of the military interests of the city of Boston. Whatever position he has been placed in, has only served to develop more fully to the public eye his ability, his energy, and his faithfulness, and the age of forty finds him with all his faculties of mind and body unimpaired, a hale and vigorous officer, able and willing to do his duty well in whatever station he shall be called to occupy.

BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Chief-Engineer Damrell, in his administration of affairs, has endeavored to make of the Boston Fire Department an association of honorable, upright, and gentlemanly men. We doubt if any city in the world can show an equal body of its employes more courteous in their manners, more temperate in their habits, and more steadfast and reliable in the performance of duty. At this time it is composed of 258 active members, whose average pay is \$275 per annum. Three men in each company have a permanent position, transacting no other business; namely, the engineer, who gets \$3 50 per day; the fireman, who gets \$3 25 per day; and the driver, who gets \$3. The foremen have \$300 a year each.

There are in the Department 14 steamers, with 11 men each, 16 hose-carriages, with 5 men each, and 4

hook and ladder trucks, with from 20 to 24 men each. Besides, there are 5 steamers and 5 hose-carriages in reserve, which are not kept in commission, but are located in the several engine-houses, ready to be taken out in case of any terrible emergency, and manned by details from the regular engines, and by volunteers.

Strictly speaking, there are no volunteers, and no loading of strangers allowed around the engine-houses. Profanity is not practiced, and intoxication is unknown, its occurrence being a cause for discharge. Each company is allowed to elect two "substitutes," who take the places of the men who wish to be absent or are sick, and the substitutes are entitled to any vacancy that may occur on the books. So thorough and perfect is the organization, and so prompt the men, that with the telegraphic alarm seven steamers can be gathered at any central point in the city proper within six minutes, with steam up. This has been several times tried at the City Hall or Court Square Box, and all the engines within a mile of that building each way came in on full gallop inside of seven minutes.

The Fire Department was first regularly organized in 1827, with about 800 members, and Colonel Samuel D. Harris as its chief. The present steam department dates back nine years, and there is not a hand-engine left. The steamers are commanded respectively as follows: Maseppa, 1, F. S. Wright, foreman; Spinney, 2, David Smith; Eagle, 3, F. M. Hines; Barnicoat, 4, T. P. Begley; Elsiea Smith, 5, G. A. Tucker; Melville, 6, Ames Cross; Amory, 7, Daniel T. Marden; Northern Liberty, 8, Charles H. Blake; Maverick, 9, Simeon Weston; Cataract, 10, William H. Bradford; No. 11, Alanson C. Keene; Warren, 12, M. N. Hubbard; Tremont, 13, Gilman P. Deatur; Dearborn, 14, Calvin A. Yose.

Hose-Carriages—Washington, 1, R. C. Brownell; Union, 2, Thomas Merritt; Franklin, 3, George W. Clarke; Chester, 4, George L. Pike; Suffolk, 5, William Lovell; William Woolley, 6, Joseph Barnes; Elliott, 7, Thomas A. Scott; Tremont, 8, Charles H. Prince; No. 9, Thomas C. Byrnes; Bradley, 10, Joseph Frye. Hook and Ladder—Warren, 1, J. S. Stevens, foreman; Washington, 2, Charles Simmons; Franklin, 3, James M. Marston; No. 4, William Farry.

In addition to the engines, hose and trucks, there are four coal-houses in different parts of the city, where wagons are kept loaded with coal, and it is usually the duty of the hose-carriage driver first arriving at a fire to leave his hose there, and take his horses after one of the coal-wagons. Our room is limited, or we should be pleased to go more into detail, but sufficient has been said to show the standing and character of the Boston Fire Department, and its excellent chief, John S. Damrell.

The Central Baptist Church, Corner of Hanover and Montgomery Streets, Trenton, N. J., Rev. Thomas C. Griffith, Pastor.

The Central Baptist Church of Trenton, New Jersey, is the fifth congregation of the city in the date of its organization. On the 30th of April, 1854, twenty-nine persons organized themselves as the Central Baptist Church of Trenton, and on the 10th of the following May a council representing the Baptist churches publicly recognized them as in the fellowship of the denomination. Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Missionary of the State Convention, officiated as the first pastor. After his resignation, in March, 1855, the Rev. L. Wright, Mr. Darrow, and T. B. Howlet were successively the pastors. The present pastor settled in December, 1863. During a period of about four years, two hundred and fifty-three persons joined the church, of whom one hundred and sixty-seven were baptized. Seventy-one members were respectively under the age of twenty-one and eighteen, the youngest member was eight years old, and the oldest aged eighty-one years. The Second Baptist Congregation originally built a church on the site occupied by the present edifice of the Central Congregation, which they improved at a cost of twelve hundred dollars, and finally rebuilt it at a cost of eight thousand five hundred dollars. All of this outlay was provided for on the day of its re-dedication, March 3, 1864. Its capacity was almost doubled, so that it will now seat eight hundred persons. It is a handsome substantial structure, with the audience-room above and a lecture-room on the lower floor. A parsonage, next door to the church, was bought in 1866, and a mission chapel was erected and opened in July, 1867. The regular Sunday-school has some four hundred members, and there are three flourishing Mission-schools in different parts of the city. With those in the Sunday-schools, perhaps one hundred and fifty members of the church are regularly employed in missionary efforts. It will be seen from these facts that this is one of the most important and useful religious organizations of the country.

Rev. Thomas C. Griffith was born in Philadelphia, March 13, 1822. He graduated at Madison University in 1844, and took a private theological course. He was ordained and installed at Red Bank, New Jersey, in 1844, where he remained seven years. After this he went to the First Baptist Church, Milwaukee, where he officiated four years, and then going to the First Baptist Church, Dubuque, Iowa, he labored in this field between five and six years. He next went to Keokuk, Iowa, where he remained four years, and then accepted the call to Trenton. He is an able and efficient man in all respects. He labors practically, not only among his own people, but everywhere, and he preaches with the earnest spirit of one ardent in his faith and true to his duty.

The Burning of the Bonded Warehouse in Philadelphia.

The destruction by fire of the bonded warehouse of William C. Patterson & Co., in Philadelphia, on the evening of August 4th, strengthens the evidence so often given of the danger of storing combustible material in large quantities in the heart of a great city. The warehouse was a most substantially-built brick five storied structure, divided into fire-proof compartments, extending on the east side of Front street, from Lombard, about three-fourths of the way to Pine street, and reaching back toward the Delaware river, all the way to Penn street.

Within this vast enclosure was stored in bond an immense number of barrels of whiskey, molasses, sugar, and other merchandise. The number of barrels of whiskey alone kept in bond in this warehouse is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand barrels.

At about seven o'clock on the evening of August 4, the Lombard street wall was seen to bulge out from the perpendicular, and in a few minutes about twenty-five feet of the structure at the third story fell to the ground, exposing a large number of barrels of whiskey. A vivid sheet of flame immediately after-

ward shot from the basement to the roof of the building, and the entire section of the warehouse at the locality mentioned fell to the ground with a crash, and heavy clouds of smoke and far up-reaching sheets of flame burst forth.

While the firemen were putting out the flames of the section of the warehouse first destroyed, one or two slight explosions were heard within the burning mass.

Shortly after the fire broke out the whiskey escaped from the buildings and ran down the gutters of Lombard street in an ignited state, until it reached the culvert at Penn street, where it poured, burning, down the common sewer, and came out in that condition into the Delaware River, out of the mouth of the culvert.

The ignited whiskey running from the mouth of the culvert on the river set fire to the wharf, and one or two of the vessels in the dock below Lombard street had to be hauled into the stream to save them from taking fire.

To the north of the warehouse, and extending to Pine street, on the east side of Front street, are three or four old-fashioned three-story brick houses, occupied by different families, and as soon as it was evident that the lower house would be consumed, the occupants began removing their goods, furniture, etc. Some of the residents on the west side of Front street, below Pine, became alarmed and began moving their valuables. Shortly before twelve o'clock, the Seamen's Home, situated on Front street, above Lombard, took fire, but streams were quickly brought to bear on the roof, and the flames were extinguished.

The loss is generally estimated by papers over \$5,000,000. It is now believed that no lives were lost. All the accounts agree that the fire was caused by the falling of the floors, from the weight of the whiskey stored in the building.

Icebergs Off the Coast of Newfoundland.

At this season of the year a spectacle of grandeur is presented to the fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland, in the great number of icebergs, that, let loose from their Arctic homes, come floating down into more southern latitudes. For the coast of Newfoundland these icy monuments seem to have a particular inclination; and many of them can be seen every day during the month of August, sweeping grandly into Trinity Bay, carried in a curved course by the strong eddies, and sweeping out again as majestically as they came. The boats of the fishermen returning home enliven the scene, taking away from its solemnity to invest it with more picturesque and animated features.

THE HERMIT AND THE ROBBER.

THERE was once a very holy hermit, who was very exact in all his duties; but one cold winter's night when he was examining his conscience, he recollected that some of his duties that very day were neglected. He felt such sorrow for his fault, that he threw off his clothes, and went into a deep part of the river that ran at the bottom of the hill in which his cell was scooped out. While he was there shivering and perishing with the cold, though he hardly felt it on account of his sorrow, a man went by driving four or five head of cattle before him. When he saw the poor man with only his head above the water, he called out:

"Oh, God help you, my poor fellow! can you come near the edge till I pull you out?"

"I don't want to be pulled out. I am here punishing myself for a sin of omission."

"Omission! what's that? Killed anybody after robbing him?"

"No."

"Betrayed your comrade, and got him hanged?"

"No."

"Well, robbed a chapel?" etc., etc.

"No."

"Well, I am beat. What was it then?"

"It was so and so; neglected my prayers, and the few I said were not said with any devotion."

The man was going to laugh, but he stopped himself. "Oh, gracious! If you think you deserve punishment for such a feeble sin as that, what's to become of me that's just after stealing these cattle, and didn't do much better for seven years past? I'll repent and punish myself just as you're doing. May be God will pardon me, when he sees my heart changed." He turned the cattle about, and put them on the way back to their farm, and came back, and stripped himself, and went, and stood by the hermit. Angels came at last, and called them out, and the robber it was that got the first call. So you see a great sinner that gets a strong turn at once against his evil life, and forsakes it, is in a better state than a shilly-shally lukewarm person that performs his duties and devotions in a dawdling lazy manner.

THE STORY OF GENEVIEVE OF BRABANT.

THE beautiful and pious Genevieve became the wife of the Count Palatine Siffoit, who was obliged to depart for the wars soon after the marriage. Golo, the steward under whose protection she had been left, not succeeding in corrupting her virtue, accused her of adultery. His accusation being strengthened by that of a sorceress, Siffoit deputed two of his followers to take her and her child into the forest, and kill them. They, however, contented themselves with abandoning them, and presented the tongue of a hound as that of the lady to her incensed husband. A wolf brought a skin to cover the child, and he was suckled by a hind, who supplied the office of the poor mother, exhausted by the hardships of her new state.

The sorceress being about to be burned some seven years later, revealed the innocence of Genevieve, and the heart-sore husband inflicted deserved punishment on Golo. Ignorant of the preservation of his wife and son, and following the chase, he was led a long distance by a hind, which at last took refuge in the cavern that had served for shelter to his innocent wife and his child. He there saw a woman crouched behind a rock, covered by her long luxuriant hair alone. At her request he threw her cloak, and requested to know her history. She had need but of few words to convince him that his beloved countess was before him. She was soon clasped to his breast, and her savage life brought to a close. After her death Siffoit, while again engaged in the chase, was conducted to the same cavern by deer and dogs. He understood the circumstance in a providential light, and he and his son ended their days as hermits, first building a magnificent church on the spot, and laying the sainted countess therein in a rich shrine. The art displayed in this legend is of a very rude order, and the illustrations absolutely frightful. There is more than one English version of it extant.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.—Douglas Jerrold once wrote of the strolling player: He is the merry preacher of the noblest, grandest lessons of human thought. He is the poet's pilgrim, and in the forlornest by-ways and abodes of men, calls forth new sympathies—sheds upon the cold dull trade of real life an hour of poetic glory, "making a sunshine in a shady place." He informs human clay with thoughts and throbbings that refine it; and for this he has for centuries "a rogue and a vagabond," and is, even now, a long, long day's march from the vantage-ground of respectability.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

LAYING down the law—Flooding a judge.

THE seat of civilization—A chair.

CASH advances—Courting a rich widow.

FLOATING capital—Hairdresses bathing at Long Branch.

THE first stirring event of the day—Sweetening one's tea or coffee.

A MIGHTY business in a small compass—A Cheesemonger's.

THE broad gauge that leadeth to destruction—the Erie Railroad.

THIN MAN—"Boy, what's that hungry dog following me for?"

Boy—"He thinks you are a bone, I reckon."

WHY is a specimen of good handwriting like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

WHY is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Because you play at chess with two bishops, but cards with four knaves.

WHICH are the most profitable saints of the church? Those painted on the glass windows, for they keep the wind from wasting the candles.

THE females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

WHY is the Prince of Wales like fifteen shillings? Because he only wants a crown to make him a sovereign.

SERVES HIM RIGHT.

Venerable Husband: "My dear, I have requested you not to go out alone. I prefer—"

Young and Pretty Wife: "You prefer to go with me always, I know; but then folks always ask me: 'Is that your father or grandfather?' which questions are not pleasant to answer, you know!"

AN offended woman, not having a special invitation to the funeral of a near neighbor, sent the following note to the mourners:

"I think I have been slighted in being omitted from your list of invitations. We shall probably have a funeral at our house one of these days, and we won't invite you."

GOVERNOR SENTER, one of the candidates for the office of Governor of Tennessee, closed a recent speech as follows:

"Ladies, a word before we part. When, then, the day for the election arrives, get up early, prepare a good breakfast, have the shaving-water and towel ready, let nothing but smiles and cheerfulness possess you, and when the good old man starts for the polls, go with him to the gate, put your arms about his neck, kiss him, then tell him to vote for Senter!"

"PRETTY time of night, Mr. M—, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"Then three—it's only one; I heard it strike."

Council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr. M—, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive; you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. M—, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, two or three times."

THE drill-instructor of an old English regiment—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks, so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor ordered the men to "rest on their arms reversed." Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he moved:

"Now I am the corpse—pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a most solemn tone of voice:

"Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

A FAT old gentleman, who had been bit in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah in a towering passion, declaring that it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defense:

1. By testimony in favor of the general good conduct of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a calf."

2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite."

3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his severe lameness."

4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth."

5. My dog died six weeks since."

6. I never had a dog."

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A LIFE-SAVING REFORMATION.

A radical change has been introduced in the practice of medicine. Physicians have ceased to torture and prostrate their patients. Instead of pulling down, they build up; instead of assaulting nature, they assist her. Cupping, leeching, blistering, venesection, calomel, antimony, stupefying narcotics, and rasping purgatives, once the favorite resources of the faculty, are now rarely resorted to even by the most dogmatic members of the profession. The old creed was that disease was something which must be expelled by violent artificial means, irrespective of the wear and tear of the vital organization in the process. The new creed recognizes the improvement of the general health as essential to the cure of all local ailments. Hence it is that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the most potent vegetable tonic that pharmacy has ever brought to the assistance of nature in her struggle with disease, has been cordially approved by practitioners of the modern school. It is pleasant to reflect that reason and philosophy have at last been victorious over the errors of the past, and that thousands, and tens of thousands of human beings are alive and well to-day, who would indubitably be mouldering in their graves, had they been subjected to the pains and penalties which were deemed orthodox and indispensable thirty or forty years ago.

Preventive medication was scarcely thought of then; but now it is considered of paramount importance, and the celebrity of the STANDARD INVIGORANT, ALTERNATIVE AND RESTORATIVE of the age (a title which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS have fairly earned by their long career of success), is mainly due to its efficiency as a PROTECTIVE PREPARATION.

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The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

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Benj. O. Woods, Esq., 351 Federal St., Boston:
SIR: Please send by express, "Collect on delivery," one of your "Novelty" Printing Presses, complete, price \$15.
This press is for the son of the President. Please address it to "The President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C." Very truly yours,
O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

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Benj. O. Woods, Esq., 351 Federal St., Boston:
SIR: The President requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and also the receipt of the press and material by express.
The President wishes me to thank you for the kindness in supplying so much material for his son. Master Jesse is much pleased with it all.
I am, sir, your obt. servt.,
O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

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OFFICE OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK WATER CO., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 23, 1869.
Benj. O. Woods: Dear Sir: The Octavo Press and furniture came safely to hand, and works upon the first trial to my entire satisfaction. Yours, etc.,
THOS. N. DOUGHTY, Secretary.

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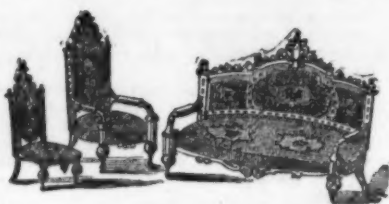
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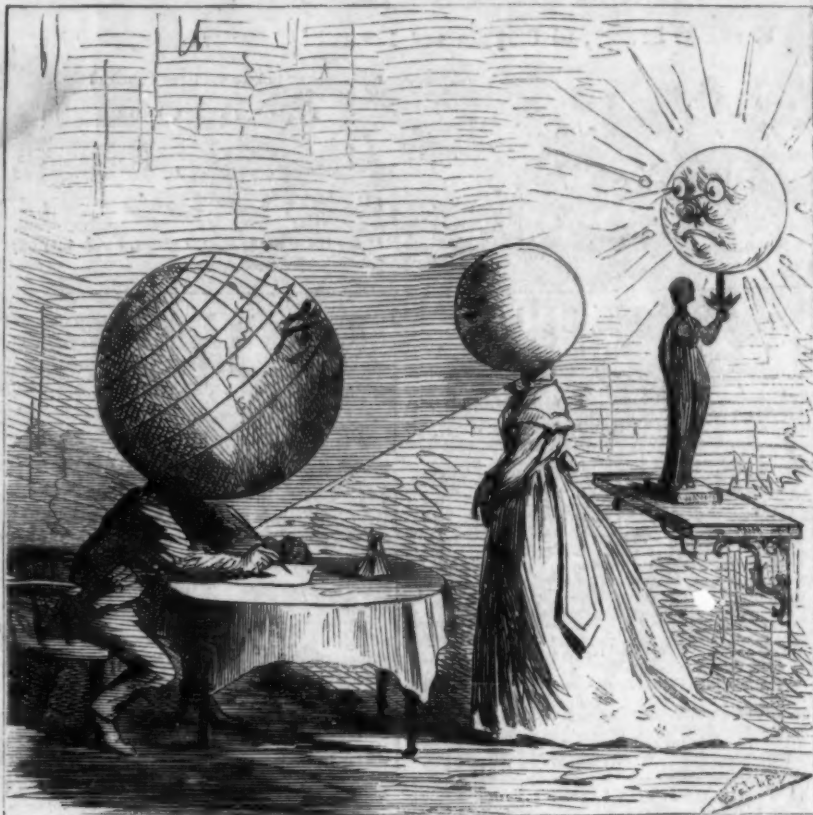
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